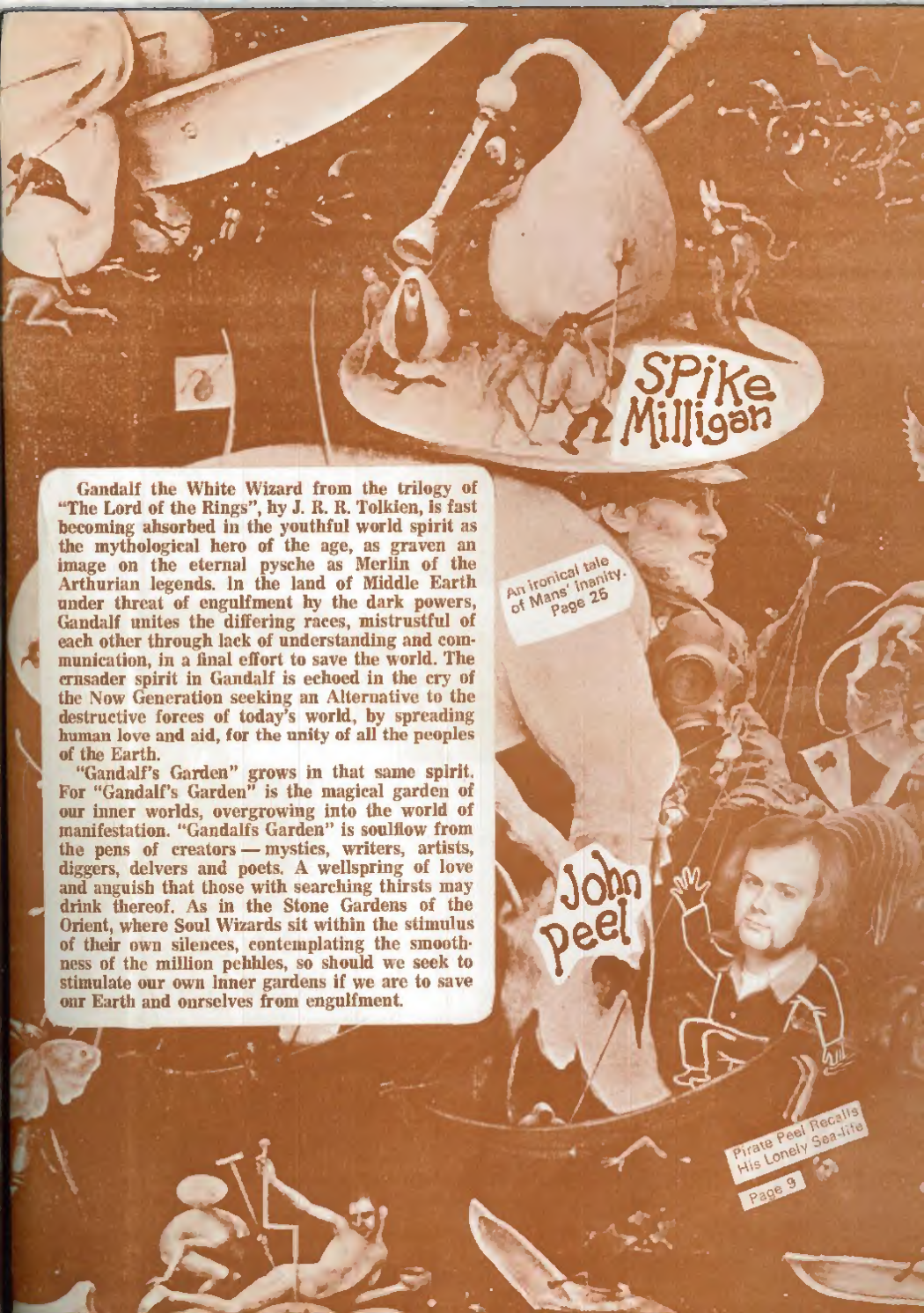
fear not - for you are now entering

GANDALF'S GARDEN

issue 2

3/-



Gandalf the White Wizard from the trilogy of "The Lord of the Rings", hy J. R. R. Tolkien, is fast becoming ahsorbed in the youthful world spirit as the mythological hero of the age, as graven an image on the eternal pysche as Merlin of the Arthurian legends. In the land of Middle Earth under threat of engulfment hy the dark powers, Gandalf unites the differing races, mistrustful of each other through lack of understanding and communication, in a final effort to save the world. The crnsader spirit in Gandalf is echoed in the cry of the Now Generation seeking an Alternative to the destructive forces of today's world, by spreading human love and aid, for the unity of all the peoples of the Earth.

"Gandalf's Garden" grows in that same spirit. For "Gandalf's Garden" is the magical garden of our inner worlds, overgrowing into the world of manifestation. "Gandalfs Garden" is soulflow from the pens of creators — mystics, writers, artists, diggers, delvers and poets. A wellspring of love and anguish that those with searching thirsts may drink thereof. As in the Stone Gardens of the Orient, where Soul Wizards sit within the stimulus of their own silences, contemplating the smoothness of the million pehhles, so should we seek to stimulate our own Inner gardens if we are to save our Earth and onrselves from engulfment.

GANDALF'S GARDENERS

GARDENLORE:	Muz Murray
FIELD REAPER:	Alex Lowsiewkee
HEAD GARDENER:	Gerry Snelling
GARDENSCAPE:	Melvyn Blain
TOPIARY:	John Huriord (cover) Carol Blain Jay Amler Pat Kyle Pip Bassett
LAYOUT:	Rufus Cartwright Steve Ridgeway
CULTIVATION:	Cee Bee Williams John Carstairs Dave Hall Ian. Roger. Chris Leonard John Power Ian Clulow
PHOTOGRAFTS:	Chris Ridley Vince Dunn James Fraser
CROSS-FERTILIZING:	Allen Heath & Dave Whelan
SUNSHINE:	Jay. Bumble. Milly. Natasha. Kathy.

EDITORIAL 4

FEATURES

Mescaline, Mysticism and Meditation 5
What Might Have Been Said At The Forum If Only ... 13
O To Be In England 18
Commune · ications 20
The World Thru Junior's Eyes 27
SCENE AROUND 10
SEEDBAG 28
BREAKING GROUND & SEEDSOWING 30

POETRY

From the Beginning ... ... Peter Finch
Love Poem for the Insane ... ... Brian Wake
Note To Billy Graham ... ... Paul Weston
The White Tiger ... ... Klement Pye

Rammurti Mishra

A Yogi's Way to Union with the "Cosmic"

Page 15

Billy Graham's Lonely Hearts Club Crusade

Does Christ need a Publicity Agent? Is hard-sell evangelism justified?

Page 22

Firstly, humble grovelling apologies for the lateness of the hour, but someone dropped the seeds of Issue Two in the undergrowth and we had a hard time finding them until they began to sprout.

Many a long hour saw Striders with their packs abulge set forth for shires unknown to take glad tidings to the unsuspecting purveyors of words, that number One had come among them. Warm thanks to Northern diggers and our many Gardeners there for spreading the Spring of the Soul among the Greyworld smoke and hearts of Mordor. And also to those who helped us seed the paving stones of London, Brighton, Oxford and Cambridge on many a footsore day. Street-sellers always needed everywhere.

In our innocence, we were amazed at the incredible amount of organisational time it takes to keep a paper Garden growing. The soulspheres reproduce themselves but commercial cross-fertilisation slows up creation of the written leaves no end, since we must do the twain. So he or she who comes with knowing hands which may make light our work, we hail with joy. May the hair on your toes never grow less.

We have been overwhelmed by the response to Issue One and lost each other for some days under heaps of mail. It sometimes takes half a day to read your love let alone reply. So regretfully, we shall no longer be able to answer you all personally as we have done until now. But we do still want to hear from you and know your views. *Gandalf's Garden* itself must be our answer. Which it is.

HELP!

Contrary to popular legend, this kind of venture makes no money, unless it is backed by big concerns, and our group effort is no exception. Had it not been for all the beautiful people who gave time and music to make our Magical Sunday Benefit such a fantastic success (see Scene Around) and helped to raise the printprice for this issue, it would not even be in your hands ere yet awhile. Benefactors with soul and far-sight to a New World please note.

Which is why, sadly we have to raise the price to 3/– per copy. But all effort is being made to bring the print-world back to sanity. As the Garden grows and becomes sound we shall return again to terms of old, the grace of our good exchequer permitting. Fear not. The subscription rates remain the same.

Our tiny group of full time Gardeners (if you look carefully through a powerful microscope you might see three shadows working a 25-hour day) are attempting to catch up on themselves to make the Garden as monthlyish as possible. It will come to pass. Were we able to pay ourselves and anyone who works upon the Garden, then time would be no problem. But nature does not grow to the order of Man. And the Garden of Gandalf grows from the heart so we depend on the love of lay-Gardeners and part time aid of those who believe in our kind of world. Please don't hesitate to be one of those if you feel there is something you can do. We welcome your ideas. The Garden grows on love. Come create it if you will.

GANDALF'S GARDEN SEEKS THE SUN IN YOU

Muz Murray

GANDALF'S GARDEN GROWS AT WORLD'S END

OYEZ! OYEZ! Let it be known to all good citizens of the realm that YE OLDE GANDALFIAN HAND & HEADCRAFT TEA SHOPPE AND EMPORIUM OF GOODLY THINGS is now open for the leisurely mooting of points and sipping of right fine beverages, known to the enlightened connoisseurs of liquid noshing as Lapsang Souchong and Jasmine Blossom, and other teas of an exotic nature defying description. Meet your friends and lovers amid seemly surroundings and gentle vibes. Recline on mysterious eastern Woolworth's bazaar cushions (we have no furniture) and breathe in all the exciting scents of the Oriental joss sticks and newly printed smells of mystical books and magazines, among all the paraphernalia of elegant Objects d'Scene, such as handmade candles, pottery, jewellery, wooden bowls, hand-printed fabrics, paintings, posters, pipes, mantre records and the like. Buy things to help the Garden grow, or bring things you have made yourselves to sell. Bring us news for Scene Around. Come bring your love and company of good cheer.

GANDALF'S GARDEN ARTWORK-CUM-BUSINESS
PREMISES AND
EMPORIUM OF GOODLY THINGS
at
1 Dartrey Terrace
WORLD'S END
NEW KING'S ROAD
(across the road from Granny's)
LONDON, S.W.10
Business Phone: FLA 6156

GANDALF'S GARDEN is a monthlyish venture published for people with love. © 1968. Reproduction rights to articles generally granted on request. Printed by Citadelle Press, London. Available from newsagents everywhere or by subscription: Send 3/6 (post paid) for a single copy, or 36/– P.O. (p. p.) for 12 issues. State issue number you wish to start with: c/o GANDALF'S GARDEN, 10a, Airlie Gardens, Kensington, London. W.8. PAR 38/6 / FLA 6156

A pure spirit grows under the skin of a stone.

Gerard de Nerval

MESCALINE, MYSTICISM & MEDITATION

by Tom Scott

"Year of the [illegible] possible as the [illegible] the Empire. Almost no [illegible] other young [illegible] on drugs [illegible] them, the [illegible] many [illegible] the government [illegible] subjects, politicians [illegible] scientists [illegible] and fathers [illegible] dangers [illegible] happened. [illegible] that drugs [illegible] to be found [illegible] denial [illegible] was [illegible] was just [illegible] word. A [illegible] television [illegible] centres in [illegible] Lennon [illegible] lifted [illegible] of hippiedom [illegible] the reaction [illegible] was found [illegible] confusion [illegible] example [illegible] the Sunday [illegible] to the Mass [illegible] world to [illegible]

VI

"But then [illegible] Western [illegible] Jerusalem [illegible] to turn [illegible] philosophy [illegible] own [illegible]

[illegible] of what? In favour of a rapid and self-regarding [illegible] the very apotheosis of the bogus, the declaration of [illegible] bankruptcy, which has not even the merit of originality, [illegible] offer mankind nothing but the immemorial poverty of [illegible] acceptance of human suffering, and its inability to [illegible] from the quagmire of poverty and ignorance [illegible]

[illegible] to find to ultimate moral darkness which professes [illegible] difference in principle between wrong and right, and [illegible] ultimately content to rub along in the yellow submarine [illegible] that only a comfortable income can render tolerable [illegible] a profound insensitivity and egotism can insulate from [illegible] needs and aspirations and suffering of ordinary men and [illegible] propelled by the stern necessities of existence to inhabit [illegible]

[illegible] what happened in 1967. What really was all the [illegible]? Firstly, it was about drugs, secondly it was about [illegible] thirdly is was about a supposed lack of connection [illegible] the two especially in the Times correspondence [illegible] and, lastly, there was the implication that meditation [illegible] and therefore bogus. This article is an attempt [illegible] there is an Ariadnean thread leading from drugs [illegible] illumination—call it what you will. It is an attempt [illegible] drugs in their proper perspective in the religious [illegible] But at the same time, however, is it intended to dismiss them [illegible] "tripping" or just plain "bad" merely because a [illegible] are they are

ASPIRIN TRIP

[illegible] we can discount as irrelevant to our theme the [illegible] therapeutic value of drugs from the humble aspirin tablet [illegible] to the stronghold of heroin. All are valid and useful in their [illegible] The fuss made about drugs is not about their use [illegible] But only a handful of drugs are actually [illegible] in his right mind would try to "take a trip" on [illegible] handful of drugs, morphine stands pre-[illegible] history and in power and nearly pre-eminent [illegible] other respect it is exceeded only by heroin [illegible]

and possibly cocaine. All three, furthermore, are very powerful drugs of addiction.

This addiction is not a simple psychological craving but a definite bio-chemical stage in which the nervous system becomes actually dependent upon the drug and in which very severe psychotic changes may result from its too sudden withdrawal. These "hard" drugs, morphine, heroin and cocaine have, as is well known, marked effects upon the mind quite apart from their therapeutic effects upon the body in disease. But that these mental effects are pleasant and often extremely beautiful is clear from the writings of Thomas de Quincey and the poems of Coleridge. But the great social antipathy to them exists mainly because of their addictive nature, with its resultant amorality in the attempt to obtain additional "fixes". Complete break-down of family life, unemployment, bankruptcy, theft, even homicide may, and indeed have, resulted from addiction, especially to heroin. In addition, sexual depravities are particularly common in cocaine addiction.

But what about the modern, awareness-heightening drugs—mescaline and LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide)? What is so special about them that makes them so controversial today? These hallucinogenic or psychedelic drugs as they are sometimes called have certain very important differences from the "hard" drugs like heroin. Firstly and most importantly they are not drugs of addiction. In consequence the painful descent to amorality in the search for further "trips" does not occur. In the weak-willed there may develop a psychological dependance upon the drugs but this does not usually cause unpleasant withdrawal symptoms. Secondly, these drugs do not generally interfere with one's powers of reasoning or with one's moral standards. In high dosage they may, however, impair judgment significantly, and in some people they may give rise to apparently irrational terror, which in itself can be extremely disturbing. This terror could, in those already mentally borderline, precipitate acute psychotic episodes which would require inpatient treatment in a mental hospital. But by and large these drugs are not in themselves dangerous.

mescaline, mysticism & meditation

INSIGHT OR ILLUSION?

But what is it that makes them so attractive to take? Briefly and simply it is that they produce hallucinations. But these are hallucinations with a difference. In so far that the subject sees or hears things which have no objective reality, he sees or hears hallucinations, and to strictly speaking they are correctly called hallucinogenic drugs. But it is the nature of these hallucinations, their actual material or rather mental content which is the important thing. It appears to be the case that the content of these hallucinations often far surpasses in beauty the content of dreams seen under the influence of morphine, for example. Indeed, time and again we are told by people who have taken the drugs, that their experiences were not merely beautiful, but that they were transcendental, that they were, in fact, mystical experiences which they had had. Often, too, such people say things like, "I met God" or "I became one with God". And it is at this point that the relevance of these drugs to religion becomes evident. Did these people actually see God? Are they true mystical experiences, identical to those experienced by religious contemplatives throughout history? Are these experiences undergone actual revelations of Ultimate Reality? These clearly are the important questions at issue. These are the questions that must be answered before we may be permitted to pontificate on moral grounds that the taking of these drugs is wrong—or even right. (Social grounds for their abolition or prevention are a different matter and, although equally important for an integrated society, are outside the immediate scope of the present article.)

It is hoped that an examination of the questions on the relationship between these psychedelic experiences on the one hand and religious or contemplative experiences on the other will help to put the matter into perspective. Unfortunately, to date, our scientific knowledge concerning both the modes of action of these drugs and the psychology of mystical experiences is quite inadequate to provide concrete answers to these questions. However there are certain explanations which can be adduced, and one in particular (to be described later on) seems to the writer to be so logically reasonable that it should not fall far short of the truth, and in addition should be convincing to both protagonists and antagonists alike.

There is also one other aspect of these experiences whether induced by drugs or by contemplation which compels us to take them both equally seriously. And that is the utter conviction in the mind of the subject that what he or she is experiencing is True Reality and that the mundane world of the rest of us (and of the subject himself before taking the drugs) is fundamentally illusory or at any rate incorrectly perceived. The parallel with Insight Knowledge (Nana) gained through the practice of Vipassana meditation is striking. In order to understand the content of these experiences better it is necessary to provide illustrations from the writings of contemplatives (both historical and modern) and from those who have taken the drugs. Of the latter group only those who have taken the drugs as part of their psychiatric treatment or during controlled scientific experiments will be considered. Writing by those who have taken the drugs purely for "kicks" will not be considered, since the credence that can be attached to them may not always be absolute.

THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING

It would be advantageous to consider the content of mystical states experienced by true contemplatives before considering drug induced experiences. But before doing so it is necessary to make one caveat. It is this. Mystical experiences are fundamentally incapable of adequate description. They are said to be ineffable. To describe mystical experiences in actual words is probably more futile than describing a beautiful sunset. The actual experience itself and the subsequent description of it are two very different things. Furthermore, any attempt on the part of the listener to understand the nature of the experience is almost certainly doomed to failure if he has not himself had a similar experience, any more than a congenitally blind man could understand the description of a sunset. This difficulty in communication is well-illustrated by a well-loved mediaeval English mystic who wrote "The Cloud of Unknowing" and whose actual identity is still a mystery. In another of his books, "The Book of Privy Counsel" he explains to his meditation pupil:

"But now, to satisfy your arrogant intellect, let me tell you truly, in praise of this exercise, that if a soul which is so occupied had tongue and words to say what it feels, all the scholars of Christendom would be amazed at the wisdom it would speak. And indeed, all their great scholarship would seem by comparison the merest folly. And it is therefore no wonder, though, I am unable to tell you of the excellence of this exercise, I who can only bark or gabble like a brute beast. And God forbid that this exercise should be sullied by being forced into any form which an earthly tongue can tell of. No, this cannot be, and indeed it will not be, and God forbid that I should desire that it should be. For everything which is said about it is not it, but about it. But now, since we cannot say it, let us talk about it, to the reproof of proud intellects, and particularly of your intellect, which is the cause, or at least the occasion of my now writing this".

Similarly we have all heard the famous aphorism:

"The Tao that can be expressed is not the eternal Tao"

And again in the Questions of King Milinda the King said to Nagasena:

"I will grant you, Nagasena, that Nibbana is absolute Ease, and that nevertheless one cannot point to its form or shape, its duration or size, either by simile or explanation by reason or by argument".

NATURAL MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE

But to get back to the content of these experiences. Are the two sorts of experience the same? Can the experiences under say, mescaline really be identical in content and, hence, in significance to those experienced as part of contemplation or meditation? In the absence of any substantial scientific evidence on either type of experience it is not possible to give a positive answer to these questions. Nevertheless, it may reasonably be considered that they are identical. In case this sounds offensive to the religious, it is necessary to add here and now that this does not necessarily invalidate the significance of religion as will be explained later. Furthermore, the acceptance of this statement will remove a large

mescaline, mysticism & meditation

section of the field of contention that was discussed recently, for example, in the Times correspondence columns. In support of the thesis that the two types of experience are identical in significance one may cite all manner of verbal descriptions. Parallels between the two may easily be found by anyone who cares to look for them. In this article only one or two will be discussed in order to obviate what would, in fact, be needless repetition.

Here is a typical example from the present day of a mystical experience described by Warner Allen in "The Timeless Moment" and quoted by F. C. Happold:

> "I close my eyes and watched a silver glow which shaped itself into a circle with a central bright focus brighter than the rest. The circle became a tunnel of light proceeding from some distant sun in the heart of self. Swiftly and smoothly I was drawn through the tunnel and as I went the light turned from silver to gold. There was an impression of drawing strength from a limitless sea of power and a sense of deepening peace. The peace which passes all understanding . . ."

On the other side, here is a description of an experience undergone by someone known personally to the writer. It occurred after this person had been given some LSD by a psychiatrist as part of an "analysis" in an attempr to discover any unconscious motives for the patient's periodic bouts of acute alcholism. (The patient was in other respects mentally quite oormal.) Unfortunately the description of this experience is not as poetical as the above one. This is because it is the writer's own description based upon a conversation held some months previously.

MYSTICAL ACID EXPERIENCE

The petient saw a spark of light as it were the light at the end of a long tunnel along which he was moving. As the light grew in size it grew brighter, almost painfully so. Finally he burst out into the light (or was it that the light burst in on him? he could not say). It was then that he, in his own words, "found the source of all compassion". Beneath him insulating him from and obscuring the mundane world beneath, were grey rolling clouds.

The parallel suggested by the tunnel similes is striking. It is interesting too, that while one found the "peace which passes all understanding" the other found the "source of all compassion".

As a result of some scientific experiment on the taking of LSD, Francis Huxley (i.e. nor the author of "The Doors of Perception") states:

> "One of the most fascinating experiences to be gained under LSD is that during which the subject-object distinction is done away with. It is replaced, not by that state imputed to infants unable to distinguish the outside world from themselves, but by a recognition that nothing exists and is experienced can be properly classified as 'an object' since the very act of experiencing it makes it part of yourself and therefore of your subjectivity. Strangely enough this recognition does not necessarily destroy the thing's individuality: it remains itself however much it becomes a vehicle for the awareness of yourself".

In mysticism this experience of the identity of subject and object is of common occurrence, although it is seldom referred to any one perticular object. More usually it is referred to the totality of objects in the universe, so that the subject becomes one with the universe, or with "the All", or with God, or with Ultimate Reality. (The names given are legion but unimportant.)

These then are a few examples showing parallels between mystical and hallucinogenic drug experiences. It would be quite easy to multiply these parallels by further reference to published work, but space precludes continuing this interesting study here. But what, it may be asked, are the perallels (if any) between mystical experiences and experiences occurring in the course of meditation?

Firstly, and while we are still on the topic of the identity of subject and object, we can see that this phenomenon may also be found during the course of meditational practices. The identity of subject and object occurs most readily in those forms of meditation which have overt objects for concenrtation, e.g. in the samathà meditators. When also it is remembered that the object of transcendental consciousness of advanced Vipassana meditation is nm a material object such as earth or light but is Nibbana itself then the implications of rhis identity of subject and object and vice versa become of paramount significance.

MIRROR OF LOVE

If one reads the writings of some of the better known mystics, whether they be Christian, Islamic or any other faith (or of none), one repeatedly comes across ideas that seem to correspond to many of the ideas found in Buddhist psychology and doctrine. For example, St. Theresa of Avila talks of four types or stages of silent prayer which sbe calls "The Four Waters" of prayer, and which she likens to the different ways one can water one's garden, labouriously by bucket from a well, by a fall of rain, and so on. The possibility of a parallel between ber four waters and the four jhanas is immediately suggested, but so far, to the writer's knowledge this possible parallel has not been fully explored. Incidentally, Christian contemplatives often use the word "prayer" where a Buddhist would use the word "meditation". This is because in Christianity prayer is of three kinds, supplicative, ejaculatory and silent. The two former kinds are voiced either aloud or mentally. The last kind being silent inwardly as well as outwardly becomes akin to meditation as the Buddhist knows it. In practice, this silent prayer in Christianity usually takes form of what Buddhists would call metta bhavana. It is meditation on loving-kindness or oo non-carnal love.

Some Christian mystics appear to have taken this form of meditation beyond the realm of Samatha into Vipassana. This is made evident by the amount of insight knowledge they appear to have gained. Furthermore, it is of more than passing interest that this insight of theirs includes insight into both of the Four Noble Truths (or at any rate some of them) and into the Three Signs of Being. As yet, however, it does not appear to be the case that Christian mystics have come up with any insight into the doctrine of the Dependant Origination or even of the Noble Eightfold Path, at least not explicitly so. As an example of this insight knowledge there is a passage from "The Mirror of Love" by St. Aelred of Rievaulx which reads:

> "I saw how sweetness is mixed with bitterness, sorrow with joy, calamity with good fortune . . . I saw how my joys had begun, I watched how they progressed, I waited for their end: and I knew such joys cannot begin blamelessly, progress peacefully, end harmlessly".

And again, later on, he says, with a vision which corresponds to that found in the ninth stage of Insight Knowledge:

> "Whatever I saw seemed of no worth to me".

Another Christian mystic, St. Edmund Rich, in the opening chapter of his book "The Mirror of Holy Church", says:

> "There are twn things, only two, which make a man holy, knowledge and love; knowledge of truth and love of goodness".

It is this same mystic who, in one particular passage, describes very well but unwittingly what it is that the Vipassana meditator is at peins to do. He says:

> "But the soul can never attain to this until it has learned to subdue every image, corporeal, earthly and celestial, to reject whatever may come to it through sight, or hearing or touch or taste or any other bodily sensation, and to tread it down".

The only drawback, as is unfortunately only too common with Christian meditation instructors, is that he does not explain in sufficient detail how one is to reject these sensations.

MESCALINE, MYSTICISM AND MEDITATION cont...

MEDIAEVAL MYSTIC

The author of the "Book of Privy Counsel", who was quoted earlier on, is always worth reading if one wants to find parallels with Buddhist meditation. In one very beautiful and alliteratively amusing passage he says of the meditation of love:

> "... for the fruit of this exercise is a high spiritual wisdom, suddenly and freely eructated by the spirit, inwardly and within, formless, far removed from every fantasy, impossible to obtain by effort or to govern by the operation or natural intelligence. This natural intelligence, however subtle or holy it may be, may in comparison with this be called a mere feigned folly formed in fantasy, as far removed from the very truth which appears when the spiritual sun shines as is the dim moonlight on a foggy night in the depth of winter, compared with the brightness of the sunbeam in the middle of Midsummer day".

In this passage one word in particular stands out above all the others. This word stands over against Buddhist meditation, pointing straight to its central idea, to the very core of Vipassana. And that word is "formless'. And without formlessness there is no salvation, no deathless and no Nibbana. And this mediaeval mystic was aware of this fact, perhaps not so clearly aware as the Vipassana adept, but nevertheless aware. And yet how lightly, almost casually, he wrote about it. For to do otherwise, he probably realised, would have been to lay such stress on the matter in the reader's mind, that it might become a hindrance to the latters' own meditation. Indeed his writings everywhere are light and not burdensome to read. His works are full of joyous surprises and simple sentences that ring true because often of their very simplicity. The following passage could well form a suitable reply to Mr. Quinton's Hogg's objection to the Beatles taking up oriental meditation.

> "Put away your human objections, you half-stumbled souls, and do not say in your logic-chopping way that such a humble and total abandonment by man of his own safekeeping, when he feels himself thus touched by grace, is in any way to tempt God: this is because reason tells you that you dare not abandon yourselves. No, be satisfied with what you do, for that is enough in your active vocation to save your souls: and leave them in peace, those other contemplative souls who dare so abandon themselves. Nor should you ponder over their words and deeds and be surprised at them, even though they seem to you to exceed the way and the common judgment of your reason".

Incidentally, to other Christains who object to meditation on the grounds that "sitting on your backside does not help to put the world to rights", we could do worse than commend the story of Mary and Martha.

OO DRUGS HELP?

This then is a brief study of how mescaline, mysticism and meditation have so much in common. It would be all too easy to prolong the thesis by continuing to cite such parallels, but there is a more important task still to be done. Earlier on it was stated that experiences obtained under the influence of hallucinogenic drugs were probably identical in significance to those obtained as a result of mystical or meditational practices. This possibility is naturally distasteful to the religious but may not need to be so, however. Unfortunately there is insufficient scientific evidence as yet to be dogmatic on this point. However, there is, as was hinted earlier, an explanation which proves to be logically very satisfying. It was given in gist to the present writer by Mr. John D. Ireland who is himself a well-known Buddhist. It runs in essence like this.

Each and everyone of us, whether we like, care or know about it or not, has made some degree of progress along the "spiritual path". Furthermore, we are all capable, in principle, of undergoing mystical experiences. If and when we do have such an experience, its quality and significance will be exactly proportional to the distance we have travelled along this path. It cannot, in the nature of things, be more advanced than our spiritual attainments will permit. Although these experiences are of infrequent occurrence with most meditators, they do occur very frequently under the action of the hallucinogenic drugs, which is probably why they are so attractive to take.

A very important aspect of these experiences that is implicit in much of what has gone before is that they in no way whatever help a person to make further progress along the path. The only way he can do that is by the appropriate religious practices. In addition, there is plenty of evidence that these mystical experiences should be regarded only as hindrances, delightful though they are to the senses. To requote from St. Edmund Rich:

> "The soul can never attain to this until it has learned to subdue every image, corporeal, earthly and celestial". And what is the function of awareness in Vipassana practice but to perform this very task of "subduing" these images?

And so, in a like manner the "images" experienced with hallucinogenic drugs are of no value at all, except to be subdued. So why bother to take drugs in the first place? Lest there be any lingering doubt left in some quarters let us refer to that television interview with the Beatles which was mentioned earlier on.

THE SUBTLE SELF

Question: "Do you think that with "acid" what you discover is yourself or just a fantasy?"

The Beatles: "No, you only find out about yourself . . . You see things which have been there all the time . . . But your true self is not on this level (i.e. on the level of drugs) but on a subtler level. So whatever the true self is the way to approach it is through some form of meditation".

That then is enough. In fact more than enough has been said "about". The only excuse for this that the present writer has to offer is that it is impossible to "say it". Always and only can it be "about it". And what is this "it" that has been talked "about" at such length? Probably one of the most profound relevant answers to this question was given by Buddha himself more than twenty-five centuries ago. It is:

> "There is, monks, an unborn, unbecome, unmade, uncompounded, and were it not, monks, for this unborn, unbecome, unmade, uncompounded, no escape could be shown here for what is born, has become, is made, is compounded. But because there is monks, unbecome, unmade, uncompounded, therefore an escape can be shown for what is born, has become, is made, is compounded".

And even this is really still only "about".

Dr. Tom Scott.

THE BUDDHAPADIPA TEMPLE JOURNAL

c/o Ven. Sobhana Dhammasudhi
99, Christchurch Road,
East Sheen. London. S.W.14.

SWEDENBORG

HEAVEN and HELL From Things Heard and Seen (6/1 inc. post)

DIVINE PROVIDENCE (6/- inc. post)

CONJUGAL LOVE (16/6 inc. post).

If you can, come and see these remarkable books for yourselves. We shall try to answer your questions.

THE SWEDENBORG SOCIETY

20 Bloomsbury Way,
London. W.C.1.

It furthers you to see and read

HEXAGRAM

the beautiful high-quality magazine for connoisseurs of avant-garde underground publications.

— EACH ISSUE A COLLECTORS' GEM —

WHAT'S THIS PERFUMED GARDEN?

It began as an after-midnight programme on offshore station Radio London, a programme in which John Peel, who presented it, was free to play a wider and more interesting selection of music than the normal pop records put out by the station during the daytime and, more important perhaps, free to talk. He spoke to his listeners kindly, lovingly. He urged them to communicate, to contribute to the programme, to write him letters, to set down their thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears, to send in poems, pictures, anything their minds had created. As much as possible of what he received he would read out, mention or describe over the air. And for all of us, the sense of participation, the sense of involvement with the Perfumed Garden was something very real and very personal, and added a new dimension to our lives.

When it became apparent that bureaucracy would force Radio London off the air, that the gates of our magical mystical garden would have to close, and the softly encouraging Peelian voice remain silent, we, the listeners, decided to continue the Perfumed Garden as best we could, in our own way, and to communicate with one another. We were not prepared to lose our newly-established togetherness even if, for a while at least, we had to lose Peel. So one of our number began collecting names and addresses, and thus the famous Perfumed Garden List was born. Most of us discovered, to our surprise, that there were others on the list living quite near us, and so we were able to get in touch personally, get to know one another, listen to records, discuss new projects. In the months since August 1967 when the programme closed down many interesting activities have been undertaken or are in course of preparation. We hope to hold an exhibition of PG works of art, to have an anthology published of PG poets; we are starting a magazine. A summer camp has been suggested. There are would-be film-makers amongst us. Here in Essex, people congregate on Sundays at the Monnihouse, and we occasionally hold larger gatherings in grander premises, which Peel attends when he is free. There were over 70 people at the most recent gathering.

One thing we are not, is the John Peel Fan Club. John is our gentle philosopher, our beloved founder, our good friend. But we all care just as much about each other, as we do about John. And this, perhaps, is the very essence of the Perfumed Garden and all that it stands for—we are people who CARE. If YOU care too, send your name and address to: SOO AND JACKIE, 46 ARTHUR ROAD, HOLLOWAY, LONDON N.7, and ask to have it put on the PG list. Or you can write to me, MONNI, at 21 CATHERINE CLOSE, PILGRIMS HATCH, BRENTWOOD, ESSEX. John Peel can be heard these days in "Top Gear" on BBC Radio 1 at 2 p.m. on Sundays, and in "Nightride" on Radios 1 and 2 at midnight on Wednesdays.

Wherever you go, my love goes with you.

MONNI

PIRATE PEEL RECALLS HIS LONELY SEA-LIFE

It was over a year ago now. In the studio the only light came from the tape cartridge machines and from the recording studio two Venetian blinds away across the hall. In a matchbox set on end, incense burned and the small room was soon filled with a sweeter smell than the beer and cigarette mixture the air had recently carried. On the back wall were racks with cartridges labelled *"Starlight"*, *"Speedway"*, *"Tony's Theme"*—a hundred more. On the faded blue carpet sometimes sat Mad Engineer Russ Tollerfield, phasing his head, or Hermione Hawkins, the largest Australian in these threatened waters.

Upstairs others, better known now and further away, played cards, watched the last agonies of an evening's television, or drank Dutch beer. The crew went to bed early on a lower deck and the gutteral tongues faded.

"Someone sent me an acetate of Marc Bolan, he has a very strange voice and I don't know what to make of it, listen." "At last I have the Captain Beefheart LP, it's called *'Safe as Milk'* and I'm going to play *'Sure 'nuff and 'Yes I Do'.*" "I got a nice letter today. . . ."

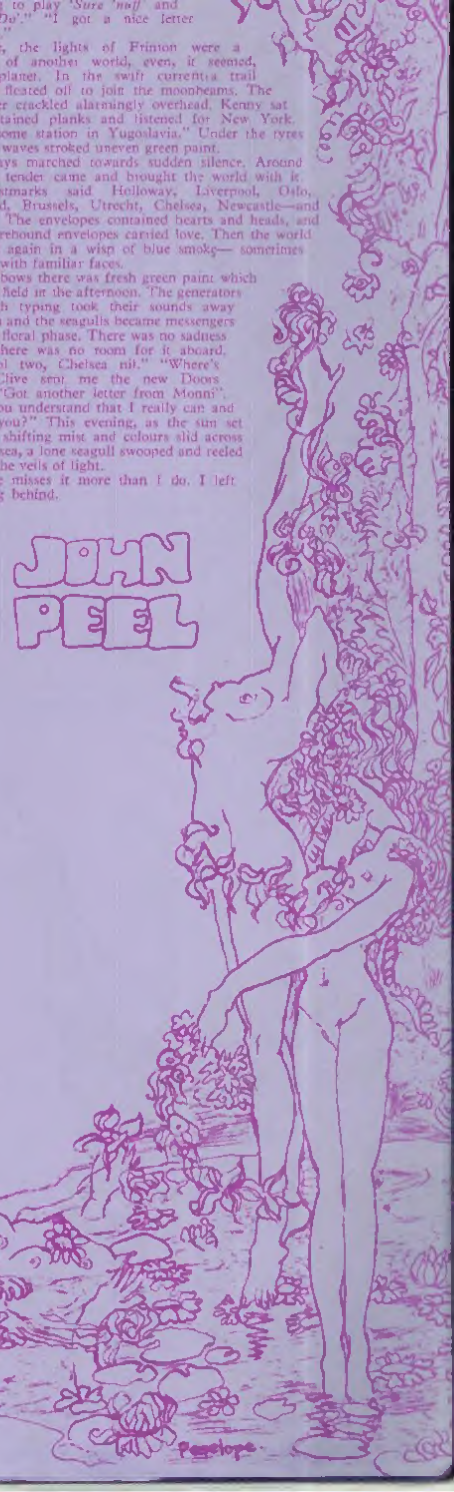
Outside, the lights of Frinton were a reminder of another world, even, it seemed, another planet. In the swift current a trail of debris floated off to join the moonbeams. The transmitter crackled alarmingly overhead. Kenny sat on windstained planks and listened for New York. "That's some station in Yugoslavia." Under the tyres the silver waves stroked uneven green paint.

The days marched towards sudden silence. Around noon the tender came and brought the world with it. The postmarks said Holloway, Liverpool, Oslo, Brentwood, Brussels, Utrecht, Chelsea, Newcastle—and meant it. The envelopes contained hearts and heads, and other shorebound envelopes carried love. Then the world was gone again in a wisp of blue smoke— sometimes refuelled with familiar faces.

In the bows there was fresh green paint which became a field in the afternoon. The generators and Keith typing took their sounds away with them and the seagulls became messengers from our floral phase. There was no sadness because there was no room for it aboard. "Liverpool two, Chelsea nil." "Where's Ed?" "Clive sent me the new Doors single". "Got another letter from Monni".

"Do you understand that I really can and do love you?" This evening, as the sun set behind a shifting mist and colours slid across the calm sea, a lone seagull swooped and reeled between the veils of light.

No-one misses it more than I do. I left something behind.



SCENE & HEARD

THE ANTIUNIVERSITY OF LONDON has been compelled to give up its premises at 49 Rivington Street, E.C.2, due to lack of bread. At present the courses are decentralised with faculty and members meeting in pads and parks. As we go to press, negotiations are still going for the use of the London Arts Lab as a meeting-place.

AND THE GARDENWORLD IS GRATEFUL

To all those who helped to make the *GANDALF'S GARDEN* MAGICAL SUNDAY BENEFIT at MIDDLE EARTH the magical rave that it was, we owe our warmest thanks. Without you we could not have made up the print bill for this issue. With you we have just made it.

Especial thankyous to TYRANNOSAURUS REX, MARC BOLAN & STEVE TOOK (who got up from a hospital sickbed to play for us); and to the light of JUNIOR'S EYES, and ANGLO AMERICAN ARTISTS; to the dynamic EDGAR BROUGHTON BLUES BAND from the Midlands, to the heat of FLAME; and the screech of TYRES; to the coolth of MANDALA JAZZ; to the outerspacial sounds of THE THIRD EAR BAND; to the enchantment of DAVID BOWIE'S otherworldly mime (thanks to management KENNETH PITT); with the MAGIC ROUNDABOUT light show; to DAVID MEDALLA and the EXPLODING GALAXY for the BUDDHA BALLET, & MIKE CHAPMAN for spontaneous poetry; CHRISTOPHER LOGUE for expected gems and humour; to LAWRENCE BUTLER & CAROL MASON for co-reading poems of EVOLVING SPRING; to the wild TALES OF JUSTINE, and to the incredible wind-up to the night by GINGER JOHNSON'S AFRICAN TRIBAL DRUMMERS, dancers and fire-eaters.

Also to Dee-Jay PAT BEE who stepped in to save the day when we discovered that JOHN PEEL had been suddenly called away on tour. To the fluorescent features of CHARLIE G. and his sense-stunning Light Show and his helpers' devotion to duty. To MIKE SAVVIDES of the HYDE PARK DIGGERS for his invaluable aid, and the ETHEREAL CASTLE DIGGERS of Potter's Bar, the RELEASE SHOP, and the last of HAPSHASH & THE COLOURED COAT who could not play since the group dissolved but came to add their good vibrations, and to all the feline Sunshine-makers of GANDALF'S GARDEN group.

And to the Management of MIDDLE EARTH who offered us the premises, and the staff who helped the thing go well. Many Thanks. HERE'S TO THE NEXT TIME

FROM BRUGGE WITH LOVE

Greetings and love to you—the underground is just budding in Belgium and communication is needed. Language is no problem as English is an underground tongue here. We support each other as the ground supports the plants that grow in the sun. Messages come to tell us of our spring—of our beginning—the time when we need the greatest faith in ourselves and in each other. There are glimpses of the blue, warm gold to come, unity that must be worked for, accepted, absorbed.

Satish Kumar came to the Auberge de la Paix, 50 Rue d'Arlon, Brussels, bringing a clear light and a unity to our thoughts on peace, as well as some nice probing shocks to the traditional peacenicks. He spoke of the hippy-yippee, coloured revolution which has come, quietly flourishing through non-violence, love and productiveness. Through the colours of our skins, our thoughts are uniting vibrations. There are only two kinds of people in this world—coloured or Grey.

I shall continue to send you news and messages from the growing scene here in Belgium. Thoughts of Peace, Love and Community. IOANNA

CULTURE IN THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

GUERILLA is a movement to promote and house experimental arts, and to relate them anew to life and reality; to place art in the position in the community which the Establishment has denied it. GUERILLA means the understanding of terrain, surprise, improvisation: it attacks where least expected and where most needed, and it is learning from field experience. It wants to provide tools—space, people, cine cameras, tape machines—for would-be guerillas to carry out their own ideas: first of these are regular film shows and a poetry workshop. It *needs* ideas, talent, money and, above all, partisans to bring faith, support, co-operation, loyalty. If you want to know about or help in this or future campaigns, contact: GUERILLA, 17 Vardens Road, Battersea, S.W.11 (administrative HQ; permanent premises for activities hoped for in near future).

SCENE AROUND

A PROPOSAL TO ESTABLISH A NON VIOLENT ECONOMIC STRUCTURE WITHIN THE PEACE MOVEMENT

The Peace Movement in its present form is completely inadequate to the task of reconstructing society on a more peaceful basis because it has to rely on a fraction of the spare time and money of its members. We are most anxious to point out the hopelessness of this situation. Even that minority who are prepared to dedicate all personal resources in an effort to achieve a greater effectiveness in "peace making" can do so only in their free time, after having expended most of their energy and zest to enrich some capitalist enterprise or to perpetuate some non-progressive institution. As things stand now, the great majority of the members are forced to accept a conflicting dual allegiance: they must work to earn their living within a framework which in most of its aspects is contrary to those ideals and methods which they seek to propagate and establish through the various organisations. As isolated individuals in a hostile environment, they feel insignificant and powerless. This leads to frustration and apathy which further impair effectiveness.

To this situation the idea of "Business" for Peace offers a radical and comprehensive alternative. Let those individuals who are at present trapped in the capitalist set-up get together, *pool courage, skills and professional knowledge* to form basic units and start down-to-earth, practical enterprises capable of producing a sound and reliable financial backing for the various peace projects and organisations. A minimum basic unit, for example, could be a skilled worker, "idea-salesman", manager-secretary.

In practical terms this would mean that the participants could achieve some 75% contribution to the movement instead of the usual maximum of 10% (less their minimum 75% contribution to the capitalist system).

While appreciating the aims and achievements of the Factories for Peace and the various Demintry firms, the above scheme can and must be more radical in its effects. It must be operated *for* the peace movement by the practically-minded members. The overriding personal motive for involvement must be a desire to make the most effective contribution towards the efforts of making the movement a potent agent for world salvage.

Any surplus earned by a particular business could be distributed within the movement according to: (a) the initial capital contributed by or on behalf of any one organisation, (b) the volume of trade with or on behalf of an organisation, (c) the wishes of the participants.

Apart from this very real financial boost which such a scheme affords, a business would also provide a sorely needed training centre for non-violent human relations through scientific experiment and working example. It is relatively easy and satisfying to hold a set of ideas on mental levels, but hard and trying to establish its counterpart amongst the practical affairs of the physical world. Yet it is the members of the peace movement who sooner or later must *demonstrate* to society at large that their ideas work better.

The Peace Movement (in the most inclusive sense of the title) is the avant-garde of a better, more human (therefore more divine) world. But before the next step towards this vision can be taken, the individuals composing it must achieve a degree of financial independence from the old order. Through a network of small businesses this can very soon be achieved. Those who are responsive to the need for this development within the movement can help to develop such network either by contacting other interested people and endeavouring to form basic teams according to their own skill, profession or natural ability and inclination, or by helping to promote the *existing pilot project*. This is a small printing plant operated by one person* but, in principle, owned by the whole peace movement. It can deal efficiently with letterpress work from simple visiting cards to illustrated pamphlets and booklets. As yet it is an inadequate expression of the idea and therefore is not advertised widely.

Any other ideas please contact:
*Janos Abel, 7a Albert Street,
N W 1 EUSton 5907

PARANOIAC BALEARICS

Foreigners on the BALEARIC ISLANDS are having a hard time of it at present. In DEYA, MALLORCA, a French girl was raped and immediately all non-residents were arrested and herded into the local schoolhouse. Anyone who looked foreign was stopped and asked for their papers in the street. When it was found to be a Spaniard who did the deed, the heat cooled and the authorities decided that the girl had been on drugs and imagined it (despite the fact that she was in hospital recovering from the attack). Nobody in Deya has dared throw a party since and the silent scene awaits further harassment in anxious paranoia.

On the nearby islands of FORMENTERA and IBIZA, the owners of bars and cafés have been threatened with closure if they continue to serve people with long hair. Drug raids have increased everywhere and many pot smokers have been thrown off the islands. The local Noddymen have taken to baiting hippies and punching them, then arresting anyone who hits back. All those holidaying there, be friendly to your *Guardia Civil*, charm them with as much Spanish as you can speak, turn on the locals and stay cool.

CROSS-FERTILIZATION

Anyone travelling, travelled, or intending to travel about the world, please keep in touch with us and let everyone know about other scenes everywhere, i.e., the gathering places in major towns, the best scenes on main routes or hidden byways between England and Australia overland, South America, etc., places to go, people to see, crash pads to kip in, whatever. Write:

GANDALF'S GARDEN
c/o SCENE AROUND,

JUNIORS EYES

Managers: Ken Clark & Dick Jordan
INFORMATION:
Anglo American Artists: 01 580 7039
(Dick Jordan is manager of Klooks Kleek)

FEED your HEAD at the **macrobiotic restaurant**

Meals from 3/6, cooked according to the ZEN PRINCIPALS of YIN & YANG. Cooked meals and macrobiotic groceries to take away. Free food usually available.
Not open for lunches. Evenings all week except Monday. From 6.30 to midnight
136a Westbourne Terrace
Entrance around corner in Bishops Bridge Rd.
Phone 01-723-7367

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID AT THE LIVING COMMUNES FORUM IF ONLY THE SPEAKERS HAD BEEN ABLE TO SPEAK

THE UTOPIAN IDEAL as seen and lived by a hip Dominican Friar, from his notes of the talk he would have given at the "Digger" Forum if things had gone as loosely planned.

I belong to an order of brothers. And being an order of brothers, our tradition is pretty democratic and egalitarian, and we have always tended to be rather leaderless—so much so, in fact, that our founder, St. Dominic, insisted that the order should be founded by all the brothers together. We have not lived up to this very well, perhaps our credibility gap has at times got as wide as the Grand Canyon. But in spite of this I hope I can suggest an angle on our community thing from the point of a Christian religious order which may be useful.

Our rule of life begins with the injunction of love. And it goes on to unpack this a little. "The first thing", it says "and the reason for your being gathered here, is that you should live together in unity, being of one mind and one heart in God. Do nor have any private property, but hold all things in common."

This reminds us, and is supposed to remind us, of the early Church. According to the Acts of the Apostles, "all the believers lived together and had all things in common, they sold their belongings and property, and distributed them to people according to their needs . . . The whole crowd of the believers were of one heart and one mind, and none of them claimed anything as his own private property, but they held all things in common. And not one of them was left in need."

PRACTICAL UTOPIANISM

This is probably a highly idealised, utopian picture. But it is his utopian element that I think monastic-type communities should contribute to our discussion. Monastic life, in a sense, is an exercise in practical utopianism.

Christianity, you see, is a highly utopian religion. And so Christian communities also ought to be highly utopian communities. Because we believe that Jesus Christ achieved the initiation of the ultimate, utopian community, whose sole law is love. And so we find that, however impractical it may seem, we have to be utopian. Because utopia, however unrealistic, is all the same real.

Our utopia has various characteristics. Community life and the abandonment of private property have already been mentioned. But the mainspring of these is the unity of heart and mind, in a common inspiration, and these show themselves in, and are nurtured by, a common gospel and a common ritual—primarily the breaking of bread together. The common gospel, perhaps especially with its accretion of legends, plays the role filled in other communities by a common mythology. Our own Order within the Church, similarly developed its own ritual practices, and its own legends, though unfortunately both of these have become rather atrophied over the past century.

A DIGGER DIGS LIFE

"Every day", says the Acts of the Apostles, the believers unanimously spent a lot of time in the temple, and they broke bread together at home, and shared their food in exhilaration and simplicity of heart, praising God."

Exhilaration is an important attribute of our utopian community. When the apostles made their first public appearance they were so high that people thought they must be drunk. And our whole thing began when an angel came to Mary and said, 'Rejoice!' We have no use at all for grey revolutionaries. We want people who really groove on our thing, people who find we turn them on. Perhaps one could say that a "Digger" is someone who "digs" life. You can't have a utopia, at least not our sort of utopia, unless it turns people on. That's what's wrong with the Marxists. They try to force people into utopia, instead of trying to turn them on.

THE BEST GLUE IS LOVE

Now you can't dig life, unless you are being true to yourself. Deep down. True to your real self, underneath all the artificial desires and so on that are produced by the bogus community we call "society". Another mark of our utopia is authenticity. Nothing false is allowed in. This does not mean that everybody is going to shut himself off from everybody else, and go poking around in his kidneys until he finds his self —though I suppose some people might do that. Finding yourself goes with finding other people, with finding everybody, in fact and everything. Being true to yourself means simply being true, living in truth, cosmic truth. Gods truth. The truth of our utopia is something which brings all things and all people together into harmony. And it's other name is beauty. And the name of the harmony is love. There is an old Christian saying that the best glue is love.

Finally, our utopia is a place where there is no unhappiness, and no toil. Of course this follows from the insistence on joy, and being turned on. But it is important to emphasise it, because it banishes do-gooders from our community, because it insists that no do-gooding is required. Enough love renders doctors and social workers and so on superfluous. We don't want the welfare state, we want the new world.

NEW WORLD BEYOND REVOLUTION

And in the new world there is no toil, as I have said. This does not mean that there will be no work to be done. There will be plenty of work, especially if we intend to set up a land commune. But what will have to go is the impersonal "job", in which the human being is simply an animate part of an inanimate machine. People will still probably have to do things they don't really want to do, there will always be chores, at least until we have much more and much more reliable automation than we have at present. But all work should, in our utopia, be related, and be seen to be related, to a genuine personal or communal need. When the Plate's dirty, wash it; don't leave it for the next guy, who'll probably be too hungry in mind his temper.

Now this is, of course, quite unrealistic. That's what utopian living means, it means living for a future that is not yet here. It means living by and for values and realities other than those of present-day society. It means passing beyond revolution, and opting straight into the new world, even if it isn't here yet. It means living your manifesto, rather than preaching it.

GROOVING TOGETHER

And of course this has its hang-ups. Almost by definition there is going to be a credibility gap between the future one is trying to live by, and the present one is living in. There will be unhappiness and frustration, sickness and neurosis, shortage of food and money, police brutality, stupid drug laws, and all that. And, perhaps even more important, there will be the credibility gap in our own lives. In our utopian society we live not only by the values of the future, but also by the achievements of the future. We take it for granted that we are all really grooving on the same thing (of one heart and one mind), and that we are all really living for the community thing, and not for some private thing that will bugger up the community thing. We assume that we are all saints.

And of course we aren't. Of course, there must be enough people really doing the community thing enough of the time, otherwise our utopia simply folds up. Kaput. But there's still the gap. You can't always rely on people. You can't always rely on yourself. You get hung up on people who just want to burn along without doing their bit. Sometimes you just want to burn along yourself. And then you get guys who'll say they'll do something and then don't do it. You get people who come and pinch your food. You get guys who walk off with your chick. And so on. Of course, we don't have the last problem as such in our own community! But we have the problem of people who just don't hit it off together. One of the things that happens, if a community lasts is that you've no longer got the original team who as it were all chose each other. You start getting people who come to join you, and some of them may be great guys, but you just don't like them. And they may not like you. You get people you yourself would never have chosen to live with. You get people who just hang you up, and then it is.

BETRAYING IDEALS

And so in our utopian community, we have to practice forgiveness and acceptance, we have to live with our credibility gap. We have to put up with people betraying our ideals and their own. We have to put up with ourselves betraying our own ideals, because our own authenticity is part of our utopia, and may not look too convincing right now.

In fact, as far as I can see, you've got to have one of three types of community. You can have a laissez faire sort of community, which is too cynical to produce a real police state, but which offers no real

freedom except cynicism. This is more or less how our capitalist society works. It claims to be tolerant, but by that it really means the dogmatic and oppressive denial of all ultimate transcendental, creative values.

Or you have a highly idealistic community, which has values all right but which gets so uptight about people not living by those values that it tries to use force and so on, and so you get a police state—as has happened in most communist countries, and has tended to happen in the Church. And you end up with the same sort of inauthentic conformism that laissez-faire capitalism produces, and it lives by fear and suspicion, rather than by love and trust.

NO NEW WORLD COWARDS

The only other alternative is the forgiving society, which has values, but also has patience. It knows that you can't turn people on by force. It recognises other people's right to be wrong. And then of course it doesn't have to be hypocritical, because it can admit its own faults. It doesn't need to be uptight about anything at all. It can be really free, and really true. And eventually it will become authentic.

In our Order we used to have a special ritual for this, where we used to say to each other: I've not been too good at this community thing. And then we'd say to each other: OK, that's OK. And then we'd all try again.

Of course, all this takes a hell of a lot of courage. In the book of Revelation the first people it says who won't make it to the new world, are the cowards. And you can see why.

IMPOSSIBILITY EXHILARATES

And it needs trust. Not trust in your or me. You or I may be the hung up. No, what we've got in trust in is the truth of the thing we are doing. The truth of our utopia, because, as I've said, it's real, however unrealistic. For me, that means trusting God. He's promised.

They used to say: Love begins at home. But it doesn't. Nothing begins at home. That's where things end, and we haven't got there yet. Love begins in the future, because, as that way-out American poetess, Emily Dickinson, said about a hundred years ago: Impossibility—exhilarates like wine!

Simon Tugwell OP
Blackfriars Community

☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮ ☮

PHOENIX—ENGLISH/GERMAN POETRY MAGAZINE
First issue includes the first European publication of CHAPPA QUA by CONRAD ROOKS and poems by ROGER McGOUGH & ADRIAN HENRI
Send 2/6 to nickie gelliner 27, Queen's Grove N.W.8
Poetry is published. Send MSS.

At 488 King's Road, Chelsea,
GRANNY goes potty?
No. GRANNY TAKES a . . .
A what?
A . . .
Eh?
No. A TRIP

HANAKO
BOUTIQUE
Handmade Clothes Jewellery All kinds of Things
MARIA STRAAT BRUGGE BELGIUM

FROM THE BEGINNING

Let there be light,
And there was light
Let the world wonder why,
And the world did wonder why,
And still wonders why,
for the books do not say
they cannot say .
so few minds, so few words
to rationalize the light

And the Beatles preach meditation
thru the wires and waves of mass media,
smiling guru s,
perhaps the people will listen
and perhaps they won t
They ve ignored their previous chances
thru the years thru the decades
thru the centuries,
And they re still not quite ready yet

In essence its the same thing
that Kerouac sat in redwood forest for
poncho'd, wild rain and knowing mind,
the same thing
that Gary Snyder went to Japan for
climbing mountains with buddhist breath;
the same thing
that exploded in the nineteen fifties,
killing nobody, wounding a few
the same thing
that travelled thru India China, Japan,
floating thru thousands of years
on shouted words and painted leaves

If it is a fake
a billion people in a thousand years
have been fooled
The light is real,
but not enough people
have been illuminated yet

PETER FINCH

THE KEY TO SELF-REALISATION

After seeking the universal secrets from gurus in the Himalayas for many years, Rammurti Mishra experienced the bliss of samadhi, and finally understood God as his ultimate guru. He came to the west revealing the Science of Sound Vibration (Mantra Yoga) and founded idyllic ashrams in New York State, U.S.A., and Southern France. Now he quietly travels the world giving guidance to small esoteric groups, in Divine Service to the Cosmic "I".

The subject matter of Self-analysis is to know the Self by means of scientific analysis The philosophy and technique of Yoga are very ancient methods of knowledge by which we may attain this end, which is our real Self What is philosophy, and specifically what is philosophy in relation to Yoga?

Philosophy means the love and study and pursuit of wisdom, knowledge, regarding things and their causes, whether theoretical or practical With relation to Yoga, philosophy means not only that which has been mentioned but also the application of this truth and simple wisdom in our lives It may be said that it signifies the unification of the individual truth, the ego sum, the personal "I am" with the cosmic I AM through scientific methods

For many years philosophy, and in particular Yoga philosophy, was regarded as a subject reserved for those with advanced degrees, those highly learned, the man on the street was not thought eligible or deserving Thus surrounded by coatings of impenetrable occultism and mysticism imposed by pendants, this approach to living was reserved for the privileged few

THE COSMIC "I"

But we know in this era of democracy that wisdom is meant for anyone who wishes to investigate it It is the guiding light for the man in the street as much as for the man who sits on the throne, put there by the commoner Thus no one should suffer from the photophobia, so to speak, the fear of light, from Yoga

The throne of Yoga and wisdom is this there is no meaning to wisdom if it has no practical application Therefore the strict meaning of the word Yoga is the scientific method of the application, the use, the introduction into every instant in life, of spiritual wisdom

This is achieved through the microcosmic and macrocosmic analysis, the pinnacle of which is the experience of unity between the personal I, the ego, with the universal and cosmic I, the Godhead Is it not true that wisdom and learning locked in golden coverings, in the silver pages of richly adorned books are of little use? Our lives must be transformed, and so philosophy and knowledge are of value only if they work on our behalf

KNOWING THE KNOWER

People who are seeking spiritual discipline agree that the omniscient consciousness, the omnipotent intelligence, the omnipotent mind, God, this truth is everywhere in our lives, in each second The question looms all the more poignantly Why do men suffer? The answer is that men suffer since they do not know how to experience the guidance, the all-presence and all-knowingness of God

Therefore, wisdom, its availability, and its application, these three principles are scientifically incorporated into the phrase, the philosophy of Yoga To put this another way, let us say that this means knowing the knower, the discovery of the discoverer We are intuitively convinced—are we not—that our reality cannot be a mere concept God, Truth is the determinate whole who maintains His identity in and through the differences of worldly change.

The
t
Self-Re

Key
o
alisation

F PURIFICATION

d that one must know the finite
f the Self, the Absolute in man
S crate , is knowing God This
sserting the same truth This
it achin nd to relativity a
can that arises now is in whi
relationships to others?
hat one should there ha
humility and he must help
learning in all Even the old
ems one should
ways s in ahead On
helping them ba
ration This mot
e privilege nd
xtended to few

O TO BE IN ENGLAND

DON'T BUG ME

Mr Gerry Lovell, 42, an electronics engineer, of Tarlton Close, Cambridge, said yesterday that for a week details of all private telephone calls in his home were passed on by the Post Office exchange to an impersonator who wanted to know details of his private life.

This amounted to legalised phone tapping. We would never have known if my father in-law had not told us he had been intercepted by mistake.

Mrs Lovell said: "The Post Office thought my husband wanted the calls intercepted. Apparently they do not check against impersonators. She learned that for a week the Post Office would intercept calls without identification.

"If this sort of thing can be done willy-nilly for Mrs Thatcher it is more like living in a Police State than anywhere."

The Daily Telegraph

SINISTER STUDENTS

Lord Shawcross reacted in splendidly icy fashion to the resignation of Captain Henry Kerby-Scott MP for Arundel and Shoreham, from the Council of the University of Sussex.

Captain Kerby had professed himself alarmed at the sinister student developments within the University.

Students should not concern themselves with political matters like the Smith regime or Vietnam, he thought. They should get on with their work. It is shocking that so many of them support Smith or Vietnam.

Cuckfield Paper Cutting

OFF WITH THEIR LIMBS!

With reference to [illegible] workers' [illegible] incident in which over 200 students from Essex University were involved in a brush with a sabre-rattling guardsman, what a wonderful thing it would have been if the guardsman had lopped off an arm or a leg or two. How much example it would have been for the [illegible] students to parade in front of the University. Perhaps there would [illegible] spent on lessons then.

[illegible] do they get my public money when they do it of this nature?

[illegible] realise we need Porton [illegible] adequate means of defence, [illegible] there who would very quickly [illegible] us, and why not? Surely [illegible] millions of enemy as quickly [illegible] the least possible risk to ourselves. [illegible] first rules of warfare.

J. Miles
96 Council Road,
Stanwell

PLAGUE ON YOUR CHILDREN

[illegible] to all those responsible [illegible] BBC television documentary 'Plague On Your Children'.

I don't know if you saw this frightening programme about germ warfare, but I salute everyone involved in it—and that includes the BBC officials who had the courage to see this thing through. The BBC's curious self censorship over The War Game led one to fear that the Corporation might avoid rubbing up the establishment the wrong way when it came to such a topic like nuclear warfare or germ warfare.

A Plague On Your Children has at least proved that the BBC is prepared to stand up and say that they have to be cajoled at times. Of course, the Ministry of Defence tried to blank it. The points at Porton Down germ warfare establishment, but I thought producer Anthony Miall and his team neatly turned the gag round on itself by eventually reminding the audience that the [illegible] was something we were not allowed to photograph at Porton.

The BBC's determination to explode this conspiracy of silence was perfected by the ruthless logic of Swedish film material which Whitehall wanted to keep hidden.

I am not one of the [illegible] who scream that the obscene disgusting [illegible] at Porton Down and similar UK establishment must stop. I take the unpopular but rational view that as long as germ warfare is a threat we do have to conduct experiments [illegible] defensive warfare, repelling and defeating it. Stopping dead-end, down Porton and being turned out by plague or cholera double in a few years.

What does frighten me about Porton Down and its cloak of silence is the official secrecy. What should we not see from the animal farm in which 100,000 animals a year are being bred for germ experiments? Surely we are only engaged in the plausible research to defend others from using germ warfare on us? And is not the whole point of deterrence to let everyone know that we have got their horrible weapons in our full arsenal?

A very ugly fact has emerged in the unbelievable close relationship with the United States in the secret evil work Britain experimenting to outstrip herself in inventing patents, the slightest secret information to the American military is quite another.

The United States is not a signatory to the 1925 Geneva convention outlawing germ warfare. The American people literally poured on Vietnam that they are not above using chemical warfare. What good is it claiming that we are only interested in defence, when the American quite obviously are inclined to attack with these kind of weapons? Are we not helping them to have the means for starting a terrible holocaust?

I think we should. I call on the government to ensure that what we find out in this monstrous field we keep to ourselves. And if it is argued by the Whitehall boys that the present arrangement is a still useful two-way exchange that we gain is much information from the American's as we provide, my answer is simple: tell it to the Marines.

I don't believe for one moment that if the U.S. discovered a really devastating chemical weapon or maybe some kind of breakthrough in germ warfare that they'd supply us. Anyone else with their full rations. I think it would satisfy very few people. All the more reason to Anthony Miall, the team and the BBC for speaking out as they have done like this.

Talking of A Plague On Your Children, I wonder what happened to all those fiendish daddy-long-legs on the night the programme was shown. Were there a glimpse of a bull-fight in telemovie in the west and of pedestrians blocking the eastbound for home with shrieks of protest.

In the normal course we saw rabbits dying in agonising pain from the effects of injected anthrax, we saw mice being killed in batches with the most unpleasant biological agents, we saw [illegible] dying in mid-air after a dose of BZ [illegible] formula which [illegible] the victim to turn mental, we saw what was left of sheep after being exposed to chemical warfare—we saw all these and plenty more.

I watched my paper, but I didn't see one sorry shot per [illegible] moving up in horror or in disgust. Apparently it doesn't matter what you do to an animal as long as you do it for the right reasons.

SOHO SQUARE,
Film and Television Technician

THINK OF A NUMBER

Watch your name carefully for a society of nameless ones is on the way. Already a lengthy series of numerals has taken over from your name for computer pay purposes.

A further series is on the way from the Postmaster General for your home address.

The next step [illegible] give an article in *Taxes*, journal of the Inland Revenue Staff Federation, is to continue the trend to its logical conclusions and bring an end to "old fashioned" ideas such as Christian and surnames.

Instead of being christened with names we would be provided with a suitable series of numbers not selected at random or to follow some old foolish tradition, but scientifically devised to show our place of birth, date of birth or other useful information.

The article says that the London phone code is 01, so all Londoners' names could start with 01. Then these could be an oblique stroke followed by the parish number, say three figures, and next, after another oblique stroke, the number of the birth in the parish.

"To be really sure of your identity it might be necessary to have your name tattooed on your body at birth. But this is a small price to pay for the benefits of our modern civilisation.

The benefits of having the number tattooed on one's body would be so many it is strange no one has thought of it before. Mistaken identity wouldn't arise and the difficulties and idiosyncrasies of spelling names would vanish.

Yes, efficiency would be the keynote and Big Brother would be pleased.

The article adds, however, that there would certainly be one snag.

It would be impossible to imagine 01/871/76425 or 19/317/12491 defying the invading Chinese hordes in some future war with quite the same zest as Bill Smith or John de Vere Montmorency displayed in 1914 and 1940 against the Germans.

"But then it wouldn't really matter very much. We will have nothing left to fight for."

Evening Standard

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

A trawler in the Irish Sea has made what must be the most valuable catch in the history of fishing—an American nuclear submarine with 16 Polaris missiles on board.

The trawler, the *Jeanne-Bretagne*, nearly capsized when her net was suddenly pulled violently. A few minutes later the submarine *Robert E. Lee* (3,600 tons, surfaced alongside the *Jeanne Bretagne* with the net wound around its propeller. The submarine had 100 ratings and 12 officers on board.

Uxbridge Paper Cutting

Readers are invited to send in any cuttings of beautiful happenings or evergreen petty insanities which move them either way. Mark the letters O TO BE IN ENGLAND.

MARC JEFFERY
SOUNDSHOW

London's Top Mobile
Discotheque
262 4856

Jackson Pollock
with his eyes aflame,
could burn away
[illegible] which dimmed
his view to visions
that rode the clouds
inside his head and told
all gardens William Blake
had strolled

I am in love
with the [illegible]
great men here
and [illegible] Wordsworth
to [illegible] fewer
[illegible] to Rupert Brooke
[illegible] about the life beyond

Perhaps Van Gogh despaired
[illegible]
because he felt the spirit
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Allen Ginsberg
with his crossing [illegible]
[illegible]
to the theme in which
[illegible]
[illegible]
of hate or death

Picasso is of [illegible]
[illegible]
than the slo[illegible]
and yet what b[illegible]
a bru[illegible]
things life has [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

I am in love
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

COMM

Will the young people of the future
Cultivate the earth?
We are not united in a longing for
Dead Planets.
We are united in a longing for the
Palms of the hands.

Agnar Mykle

On the last April weekend of this year when the parks and gardens were arrayed in the day-glo hues of anemones and tulips, the Diggers and Gardeners of the dawning Aquarian Age forgathered in London to break new ground for the cultivation of the Digger dharma of love, freedom and sharing. The venue was the Antiuniversity of London, then at 49 Rivington Street, E.C.2. The occasion was the Digger Forum On Communal Living.

At the Forum members of about a dozen urban and rural communes provided the pivots for informal groups in a communication scene which lasted three days and covered the whole spectrum of communal living—from economics to interpersonal relationship, from the angst of the early budding stages of a commune to the ecstasy of its full flowering. There was a general awareness of the urgent need to create a net work of economically viable free communes as the soil out of which the Tree of Life of the Alternative Society could grow and bear fruit. The prevailing feeling was that the days of airy-fairy speculating and theorizing were past, and this set the down-to-earth tone of the Forum.

Free communes are not all cast in the same mould. A free commune usually has its own thing or common project on which most of its members groove. The nitty-gritty of carrying out a communal thing was a major topic which engaged the attention of the groups at the Forum. In fact the Forum itself had been a project which had given the co-ordinators an opportunity to work in the spirit of a free commune and to learn to shape a co-operative venture from an inchoate amorphous mass into the final characteristic form.

The idea for the Forum germinated in my mind in the winter of last year. It was a sad winter which saw the hopes of the Love Revolution blighted. Expansion of awareness within the Psychedelic Movement had got strung out on chemicals, unable to soar to the heights of total spiritual freedom, and the promise of Flower Power had wilted like the last rose of summer. Dropouts from the System had nowhere to drop into and the socio-economic pressures of the System screwed up many an isolated small group or lone individual trying to do beautiful things.

Peter "Milarepa" Twilley, Tathata Community.

Photo by Helen Mayer

The time was at hand for all love revolutionaries to pool their resources and work closely together to build more free communes within the Alternative Society for their dharma brothers and sisters. The first step obviously was to bring beautiful people into contact with one another. And what better way to do this than to bring them face-to-face under one roof at a forum on communal living?

So the idea for such a forum was planted in the pages of an underground publication (*Oz*, No. 9) and lo and behold! there sprouted forth dragon's teeth! The Dragon of Creativity was awakening. The Creative Hexagram of The Book of Changes was painted large across the horizon of the Aquarian Daybreak. Three to four hundred people wrote in expressing their willingness to participate. The love revolutionaries were ready.

London Digger groups were contacted and we began to hold meetings to co-ordinate preparations. Muz Murray turned his pad into a Digger communication centre with a Forum information service and the *Gandalf's Garden* team answered the queries of callers and correspondents. But the hassles of finding a suitable meeting-place to hold the Forum and the necessary funds to back the undertaking got us all bogged down. We investigated several possibilities but drew blanks and the co-ordination meetings dragged on fruitlessly for two months. The breakthrough came when Allen Krebs, then co-ordinator of the Anti-university of London, joined us. From that moment on the project moved smoothly on to its eventual realisation on that weekend in April.

The Forum has yielded a harvest of practical knowledge about various aspects of communal living and many of the participants have garnered a crop of valuable new contacts. The question arising from this is: What is the aftermath?

UNE·

Gerry Snelling has been active in keeping communication lines open to communes, communities and similar groups. And, starting with the next issue, *Gandalf's Garden* will present full up-to-date accounts of the current work and projects of communes, old and new, for those who may wish to join the communes, to help them or get help from them or just to know about them. Meanwhile summary reports on a number of groups are given below.

(To contact the following groups please write first to arrange a convenient time for all concerned.)

IN THE COUNTRY:

Selene Community, Rhydcymerau, Llandello, Sir Gaerfyrddin, Selene is a rural commune and a part of the Vegan Communities Movement. One of the objects of this Movement is the founding of a federation of anarchistic communes—each commune to have as much or as little interdependence with others as it may choose. The Movement also publishes a bi-monthly journal called *Ahimsa Communities*. This is free to members or available by subscription at 10s. a year. Membership of the Movement is £1 a year. In *Selene* the communitarians are as interested in developing crafts and manufacture as in farming.

Tacna Community, Whitley Court, Upton St. Leonards, Gloucestershire This is an agricultural commune which has been in existence for over two decades. It is interested in keeping in touch with community development but, at present, owing to lack of facilities, cannot take in new blood.

Tathata Community, c/o Peter "Milarepa" Twilley, Rotloes Farm, Near Newent, Gloucestershire One of the aims of this community is social revolution through spiritual enlightenment. The community endeavours to support itself by organic farming and the members practice meditation and publish a journal entitled *Sarvodaya*.

Havard Chency Group, c/o Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, N.1 This is a group which has evolved from the Peace Movement. It has a farm in Oxford.

IN TOWN:

Simon Community, 154 Malden Road, London, N.W.5 In the words of a *Simon* information leaflet, this is "a community of the caring and the cared-for, living and working co-equally." The latter are men and women who are destitute victims of the System—they include alcoholics, crude spirit drinkers and drug addicts. The former are the full-time and part-time volunteers who help to run the community projects. The current projects are: (1) House of Hospitality: this runs an emergency service for help, feeds and clothes on average fifty men and women; (2) Simonscene: a second "tier" unit which is a transitional stage from "cared-for" to "caring"; (3) Simonlight: an environmental unit for the "crude spirit" programme; (4) Simonrest: accommodation for workers on days off; (5) Soup-run: an external caring project which feeds and clothes upwards to 400 people per night; and (6) Simon Gift Shop: this supports the London projects by selling clothes, bric-a-brac, etc.

Information about the activities of *Simon* in places outside London may be obtained from the above address.

Desmond Jeffery Group, c/o Desmond Jeffery, Burnt Oak, East Mersea, Colchester, Essex This group is somewhat scattered, but has good potential. It has two houses, a bookshop and a printing workshop, geographically separated. At present the emphasis is on expansion of production for internal economic reasons.

The Mondewinton Printing Service, c/o James Abel, 7A Albert Street, London, N.W.1 This is a community enterprise run on a co-operative basis. An expression of the "Business for Peace" idea, the service can work efficiently with letterpress work from simple visiting cards to illustrated pamphlets and booklets at a cost below that of Establishment printers.

The New Life Movement, c/o Emmanuel Petrakis, 17 Camden Hill Road, London, S.E.19 This community is working on communications and education within the Alternative Society. It is particularly strong on an information centre on intentional communities, co-operative and mutual aid schemes, libertarian educational experiments, etc., both in Britain and abroad. The group has a community house at Gypsy Hill, London, S.E.19, where its bi-monthly journal *New Life* is published. Specimen copy of this journal is 2/6, subscription £1 a year.

ON THE MOVE.

Mobile Voluntary Work Team, Bowran dale, Carriage Drive, Frodsham, Cheshire At the moment these are two teams in the field. The following is their own description of their stuck. "Each mobile team is a group of about eight young men and women undertaking a series of work projects in different towns of Britain and Ireland, each one lasting a few weeks. Most projects involve building and decorating, with associated community organising work. The work is done, without payment, wherever it is most needed—usually for those who cannot pay anyway. Food and other requirements are obtained as gifts from producers and retailers or bought with money given in public collections. Peace education through films and personal discussions is an important part of each project."

DIGGING THE FARMING BIT.

For those urbanites who wish not only to be with it but also into it by they join agricultural communes the following places offer valuable initiatory experience in the form of working holidays on farms and forests. R. L. Sterge, Administrative Office, Agricultural Forestry and Training Board, 9 East Street, Taunton, Somerset/Mrs. Mehr S. Fardeenji, Oakcroft Gardens, Crost on the Hill, Malpas, Cheshire (this is an organic farm); Harold Shaw, 'Dubee' Cottage, Clements Tump, Nr. Coleford, Gloucestershire.

Alex Lewaniewkee

ICAT

Commune*ication from DESMOND JEFFERY GROUP

"We have had little success. We started from the production angle, as our analysis of things seemed to indicate that community of purpose might serve as a unifying factor. We have five potential, two houses and a book-shop, geographically very separated, but no land that we can use and feel we need. Also the agriculturalist has another two years to do at Bristol, which makes any attempts at the moment useless. There is a general lack of committal apart from myself and companion, tied to printing workshop and small child, and Tony Raeder, 44 Upper Orwell Street, Ipswich, tied to bookshop.

"I am old and staid, and not mystic at all. We all lack mobility and elasticity largely for material reasons of things like two tons of machinery, which I can't sell or move. I teach one day a week at London College of Printing. I think I probably bore my students. They bore me, most of them, and life bores me. I am in sympathy with the expressions "fuck this for a living!" and "go to work on a bomb". Although I am all for the building up of a commune effort, the interest rates and our previous conditioning are all against it. A girl I would have liked around, for reasons of warmth and pleasance is going with a mobile work team you ought to know about—Barnaby Martin, currently at 106 Hythe Hill, Colchester. But not for long, write now, and they are anti-publicity.

"Yes we are interested in other people, approached with care, emphasis on production for next year at least, for material economic reasons. I fear we have little experience to offer. Women seem a terrible stumbling block, as have been in us. Especially women who have got in the habit of having a man to themselves two by two in little boxes. Then, I don't know how I would feel about sharing a woman, myself. I believe this is likely to happen as a community. I know I am conditioned, you see, I don't know how I really am. Women seem to have a nesting impulse—own kitchen, own man to look after—is this conditioning, as are they like that?

"... when once the Earth becomes a Common Treasury again, as it must, for all the Prophesies of Scriptures and Reason are Circled here in this Community, and mankind must have the Law of Righteousnesse once more writ in his heart, and all must be made of one heart, and one mind.

Then this Enmity in all Lands will cease, for none shall dare to seek a Dominion over others, neithas shall any dare to kill another, nor desire more of the Earth than another, for he that will rule over mankind, and kill his fellow Creatures, under what pretence soever is a destroyer of the Creation, and an actor of the Curse, and walks contrary to the rule of righteousnesse. (*Do, as you would have others do you, and love your Enemies not in words but in actions*)

GERRARD WINSTANLEY
1649

"I am convinced children are best reared in a group. But I feel the relationships of already conditioned adults should be approached with great care and diffidence. I prefer young people to my own generation, and I don't think it is purely sexual. In 1950 I left England "for ever" because it was so grey and dull. What is going on now is beautiful. Sometimes it seems a load of shit, but most of the time it is marvellous.

"I am not at all mystical. I am not very beautiful either. I have ugly knowledge, like how to make a Molotov cocktail. Just now, destruction looks pretty creative, more than in Bakunin's day. So maybe I am deadwood and futility. But all I can find in me is a love of the waste and futility of The System, the waste of life, of time in life, cold anger at the unreason of someone like Powell. He is sick in his mind, sex-sick as power-sick, but I can't find the love you talk about to try and do something to heal him. I remember Wilh, who was in Belsen, who told me that when fascism appeared in England, one must kill them. So I knew how to make a Molotov cocktail, and I remember as hard as I can what they taught me at the School of Infantry about street-fighting.

"Os perhaps I don't know what you mean by beautiful. When impassioned Negroes burn down a city, I think this is beautiful, perhaps I think the feeling I need to know how to make a Molotov cocktail is an ugliness forced on me. Because I think unreason is going to take over, and it isn't only unreason, it is mad and sick. Precisely because people haven't lived like you are trying to do. And if sick mad unreason takes over, you will be among the victims. And so will I. If it tries to take over, I shall not turn the other cheek."

Love

Desmond Jeffery

COMMUNE*ICATION FROM A SMALLHOLDER

"I have only a small place. If you know of a boy or youth, sensible, businesslike and wanting country life and who can DO something, OK I can give him keep and pocket money but he could earn himself more if he were a good handyman.

"We could have hens, pigs, frames, greenhouse, sheep, and I am sure he could get plenty jobs and build up a good greengrocery round. This would be by far the best. I am now 75 and going on like this is too much for me. I have some 20 good customers, and with a carrier bike as car (I'm not a driver) I'm sure a bigger turnover is possible. It all depends on how much business minuteness she young lad, girl, etc., has.

"What's the matter with all these youths who say they want "adventure"? Well why not adventure for REAL GENUINE Co-operation NOW?"

Yours for Practical Socialism as "Communism"

Harold Shaw

P.S. A young couple might be accommodated, but not with children.

c/o "Dubee" Cottage, Clement's Tump, Nr. Coleford, Glos.

If you know of any other communes or work on one yourself, send us information for the sake of the Alternative Society. c/o COMMUNE*ICATIONS, GANDALF'S GARDEN.

IONS

The God'seye is an Outsider's Eyeview of existing cults, groups, societies and their leaders in the Eye of God, for the guidance of those seekers Breaking New Ground in the spiritspheres of self-advancement.

Suddenly last summer it was Billy Graham. Everywhere the billboards screamed out BILLY'S BACK! and flyposting wags plastered the capital with identical style strips bearing the legend: SILLY BILLY. Like a returning hero he was ushered in with a phenomenal bang of publicity and went out with a simper. Now, like that of the Cheshire Cat, in the memory's eye only his warm and ready tinsel smile remains, long after he and his words have gone.

For why? What did he accomplish? He came, he spoke, he conquered. But what did he leave of lasting value? In retrospect, those who went with hope for answers to their inner problems, are left with a stale empty taste in the soul, like the morning air of a party balloon going down.

Small compensation for those thousands upon thousands in spiritual distress who queued and crammed every night of the week into the great arena and closed-circuit television overspill halls of Earl's Court. Many were the simply curious, but the majority were not there to see a freak show. And it was by no means all grannies and knitting. There were folk of all ages and nationalities, and youth was evident in great numbers. And every evening over a thousand of these hopeful and hopeless seekers got up out of their seats to be "saved". Yet to what avail was the sincerity of this lost multitude? People who ached in their souls for an answer to their seemingly pointless existence. Ordinary people sick with emptyness in a chaotic workaday world. People who have never heard of gurus* or soul-guides like Kahlil Gibran, P D Ouspensky; George Gurdjieff, Paramahansa Yogananda, Sri Yukteswar, Lahiri Mahasaya, Ramana Maharshi, etc—and who had no thought of ever finding out the genuine prophets of today. Instead, they looked to Billy Graham.

But like the words of the party conjurer, you will notice he had nothing up his sleeve. The constant reiteration that we all needed Christ was spiritually as far as he was prepared to go. But how to receive Christ was not forthcoming. In fact did Billy Graham stimulate any form of awareness of what Jesus really meant, and thus awaken understanding and love in the lost?

A HAPPENING

Let us look at a typical Billy Graham happening. For delvers into the deeps of being, here is a sample of what you might have missed:

... after a short inevitable "nice to be back" and "I now call upon Bishop Dogsbody ..." Billy Graham recedes into the background and leaves the microphones to an interminable hour'sworth of introductory speeches from Crusade members and prominent bores of the Church, followed by prayer, or hymns from the choir, more weary speakers, then welcome relief from a delightful coloured singer of spirituals; more prayer and more woffling ad infinitum, until the crowd is on edge to hear the man they have all been waiting for. The Stage Direction is faultless. Like a crafty theatrical agent filling the bill with lesser acts who drop the name of the star to come all through the show, so Billy Graham expertly creates an undercurrent of agitation and impatience. It pays dividends. When at last he rises, haloed by the build up and the waiting, he appears as the bright star in the firmament that he is, scintillating above the drone of dreary speakers. The relief of tension is almost sensory. The grateful dead of the crowd are overwhelmed and ready to eat out of his hand. At such a high of expectancy—this gay, ebullient, evangelical guru is quick to exploit the situation so carefully contrived.

Contrary to the "hellfire and damnation" style preaching the uninitiated might expect, the approach is far more studied, cool, and geared for psychological effect. With the easy banter of the professional American comedian, he firstly charms the audience

into receptivity in his gentle southern drawl, with a few newly quips about hippies and the like, and an anecdote against himself with blue-eyed boy candour

It appears that on the plane coming over, some immensely fat drunken slob kept staggering up the aisle to go and give the pilot a hand He was dragged back several times and eventually belted into two seats necessary to contain him He roared and sang and swore and groped the passing stewardess Warned by a passenger to behave himself as Billy Graham was sitting in front, he leaned forward enthusiastically "Say! You really Billy Graham?" B G (modestly), "Yes sir, ah am" "Waal, let me shake you by the hand man, your sermons have really helped me!"

Many a true word spoken in jest I fear For anyone who, like Colin Wilson's *Outsider*, sees "too much and too deeply" into the ills of modern civilisation, Billy Graham and his commercially-orientated Crusade might be regarded as another manifestation of that sickness, for his words were none that could touch the heart, let alone cure the soul He certainly aimed nothing at the intellect and his biblical platitudes ladled from the surface of the Bible, minus insight, have been too often delivered in the same manner by schoolteachers, Sunday schools, the clergy and himself, to arouse fervour or even thought in a thinking man His "message" such as it was, was aimed below the belt at the weak, the meek, the helpless and the emotionally bankrupt

And amoog the young there were many such It was towards these that his last Crusade was aimed Hence his references to hippies, drugs and psychedelia, all knowledge of which he gleaned from the evening papers, and from which source came the bulk of his very earthbound commentary on life But one could listen for hours There is no doubt that he is a dynamic speaker Without an *umm* or an *ah*, all he had to say came over powerfully, polished, forceful and glib off the tongue as a politician's speech and conveyed as much at the end of it Unfortunately, an evening spent with Dr Graham is as spiritually rewarding as Mrs. Dale's Diary

TUNE IN, TURN ON, DROP OUT

After a long tirade against imbibers of LSD 25, at a dramatic peak he became enamoured with Timothy Leary's League of Spiritual Discovery slogan, Tune in, Turn on, Drop out. He could not repeat it often enough. *"By all means tune in, turn on and drop out!"* He clenched the air and hammed histrionically through the pay-off—*Tune in! Turn on! Drop out!* But the way to do it is to *"Tune in to Jesus Christ! Turn on the Holy Ghost!* (symbolism aside, identifying with that primal "essence" is what the acid scene is all about anyway) " and Drop out of society!" (meaning that society of friends who will doubt the efficacy of your Billy Graham "answer" to life, and thus bring you down) " . . *and become a non-comforming Christian—that is—non-conforming to their values!*" (sic). Fair enough But what are their values but those of a materialistic society? Drop out!

TAKE UP THY BREAD AND WALK

Which brings us to a high spot of an otherwise pointless affair We will now pass around the collecting bins And the gelt pours in Crusades do cost money after all And Billy Graham, in the honeyed tongue of Saruman, sickly suggests with thinly veiled hints (once heavily implied, as witness BBC film *I'm Going To Ask You To Get Up Out Of Your Seat* that the more money you put into the Crusade coffers, the greater reward you will reap in the afterlife "If you were going to put in a half crown, instead put in two half crowns, ten shillings or a pound " (sic)

And what is the meaning of his vocation after such a disgusting display of amorality? His words lose all sense of spiritual validity to the sensitive ear, although all the approving bells of the church tills chime out in accord and call us to our pews

No teacher of spiritual knowledge, no guide or guru truly dispensing love, would ever stoop to ask disciples for money in return and to constantly do so A true teacher has sufficient faith that his needs will be provided for And in the natural harmony of the laws of loving and teaching, so they always are For the sages of India aid comes unlooked for from devotees in reverence The enlightened rishi has no need to ask It is an unwritten law of esoteric teaching that knowledge of the miraculous is passed on in love, for love in need For the genuine "essence" of all things is directly perceived truth of the cosmos, which may not be bought by coin but by honest seeking, with love.

Ah, but "[illegible] we have had printed a unique gospel song booklet which we will send to anyone, *absolutely free of charge!* If you have friends or relations who would like this *free* Billy Graham Crusade Song Book, please ask them to write to us. But remember, *we do need your money*, so if they would like to send a donation, any amount, whatever they like [illegible]" (sic) In the long run, like phoney or misguided organisations which purport to know *The Way*, the Billy Graham Crusade becomes almost as painful to the pocket as Scientology, and for less return

CHRIST AND CLIFF RICHARD

But one is not merely paying for "spiritual enlightenment" for, as a Crusade spokesman once put it "[illegible] it is also a wonderful evening's entertainment." Who knows, one might even have been lucky enough to be-in on one of the nights when Cliff Richard was there to tell tale of how Christ changed his life, in a faintly nauseous tone reeking of piety, and singing a song or two to match

In the recent film "TWO A PENNY" we are mercifully spared his sincerity but, since he plays the part of an unbeliever whose girlfriend, much to his disgust, gets turned on to God at the Billy Graham Crusade. Much credit to Director James F. Collier and his team for their delicate handling of a difficult subject. It is not often that religious propaganda comes across on film without affronting the intelligence with cloying sentimentality, but here it is convincingly achieved. In one episode Cliff sits through a Crusade session making sarcastic comments in his head, cutting across Billy Graham's crowd-rousing address. All praise is due to Billy Graham for allowing himself to be so used, which at least makes apparent his evangelistic sincerity, in that his mission of turning people on to God is greater than his ego. It is unfortunate that his own methods during the Crusade are not as wholesome

FEAR IS LEGITIMATE

"I'm gonna ask you to get up out of your seat!" marks the climax of each session. But first the lonely and the lost are given a working over. They are made to realise their sense of isolation to the full, until they feel even more wretchedly alone and forsaken. Somehow it would seem, they are missing-out by not belonging to the smug and safe-sounding Crusade in-crowd. A sense of urgency is created. "Get up out of your seats and commit your life to Christ *now!*" Those who commit their lives in this way *never* go back [illegible]" Although the feeling of impending doom conveyed to me the words *condemn your life to Christ*. The mood evoked was almost that of Mankind racing in a hopeless swear towards the Ark before the tidal wave engulfs it. A daily paper has quoted Dr. Graham as stating *"Fear is a legitimate motive in evangelism."* And the frightened lost and lonely are only too eager to spill down the aisles at his call and jump on the Billy Graham bandwagon before it is too late

At this point, the majestic organ begins to drone almost unnoticeably as the first claques drift down to start the ball rolling. The effect is hypnotic. The organ swells in sound and one feels impelled to rise and glide drawn down along with the liquid crowd.

Like parts of a well-oiled machine, young priests rise from strategic positions all over the audience and mutely beckon everyone to rise. As people shuffle down the aisles, religious "Counsellors" pick out random souls to save and slip along beside them like beaming benevolent uncles

MOMENT OF TRUTH

But what does this moment of truth mean? For those who get up out of their seats all over the world, whenever the Crusade comes to town, it means a few moments chat with a planted Counsellor (if you looked wealthy enough to have deserved one), a short mass prayer, a surrendering of your address, a handful of pamphlets, a "God bless you sir and goodnight", and it's heigh-ho and away to your coach party, chip-shop or bedsit, committed forever and anon to the inevitable calls from your local vicar, cap in hand forlock touched in aid of this or that charity, jumble sale or church bazaar. Such is the fate of the many

Doubtless a certain percentage do become absorbed into the church, but are their needs filled there? Is the enigma of life clarified at all? I have attended sermons in various churches which dealt with nothing but surface morals of society: sex, mini-skirts and other fashions, smoking, television, drugs, etc., all good clean soul-food stuff. What price conversion for those who have only such sermons to absorb? The church holds Dr. Graham as its most forceful evangelist, yet his "message" is as bright and flashy and devoid of content as an empty Kellog's packet. But perhaps an evangelist's job is only to bring people to the church? Once they are inside, it's no longer his province. He cannot be blamed if they only get Bible sermons, rather than revealed meaning into the ancient symbolism and metaphors therein. Not every guider of souls is capable of such translation. To his credit, Dr. Graham admits that there is much of the Bible which he does not understand. Perhaps this is why he is content to quote so extensively from the newspapers. At least, whatever it is he does understand, he obviously feels no need to communicate.

EVANGELICAL SICKNESS

But then, better silence than misinterpretation. Christ is still suffering from unintentional malignment. How long must he suffer from the tongues of men who mouth for money the things he gave for free? For many Christ is still equated with fervid evangelical sickness and piety, and thus will never find a place in their souls. Such mental association brings about a vehement rejection of both Christ and religion, along with the rejection of the soapy pious do-gooders who cause the split.

It is saddening to realise, that although Billy Graham may believe wholeheartedly in his cause, he continues creating emptyness for he has nothing to say. Hard-sell religion and a wide-screen image of Jesus will only serve to keep both sensitive souls and the unaware, away.

Must Christ go on forever being crucified?

GURU: (a Dispeller of Darkness within) a tuned-in spiritually enlightened soul-guide. Indian term

The BILLY GRAHAM EVANGELICAL SOCIETY are doing what they can from Bush House, N.E. Wing, Aldwych. London W.C.2.

NOTE TO BILLY GRAHAM

Man is shadow his footprints are lost tears
tears are acid . . . but ours are rosewater
we are not the brutus of our emotions
today man and god have no emotion
emotion is all
man is nothing begottan of a dead something
plastic life is the bittersweat kiss of death
pure light is spectrum its shadows neurotic fears
your fears are of you my fears are of you
we are the chemical reaction of this exploding world
today we shelter in the god of fears within us all
the gospel according to mcarthy
god is baalzebub jesus the philistine
miracle illusions written on the brain
social order is our aluminium cross
guarded by the soldiers of yes
and after the third war shall we rise from the dead?

Paul Weston

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI
by
Paramahansa Yogananda
(Founder of Self-Realization Fellowship)
Price 30/6 from:

Mrs. G. White (Sec.).

33, Warrington Crescent, Lond[illegible]

OLYMPICS FOR PEACE?

Masashi Nii, an electrical engineer from Japan, who is on a world tour to publicise the horrors of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, was interviewed recently by members of parliament in private at the House of Commons. Mr Nii is dedicating his life to work for peace and towards focusing the attention of the world to its potential self-destruction by atomic warfare. He pointed out that the death toll of the Hiroshima bomb alone was 240,000 and not 80,000 as the U S A had announced because of fear of public censure. The hydrogen bombs of today are 2,500 times more powerful.

Mr Nii took part in this year's Easter March. Anne Kerr, M P., who was in Hiroshima two years ago to attend the annual conference and anti-nuclear peace demonstrations, said that it was vitally important that Mr Nii's message should reach the U S A before the presidential elections, as a member of Congress had told her that there were plans to use "nukes" (nuclear bombs) in Vietnam after the elections. All the M.P.s present wanted more liaison between Japan and Britain with regard to the anti nuclear warfare campaign and the peace effort. Mr Nii remarked that, after Japan, where the aftermath of atomic bombs is still a living experience (he suffers from leukemia as a result of atomic fallout), Britain was the country in which people seemed most poignantly aware of the dangers of a nuclear holocaust.

When he returns to Japan he will encourage reciprocal visits to attend our C N D Easter March. Mr Nii pointed out the international harmony pervading the Olympics that were limited to sport and lasted only a short time. He advocated another Olympics in which countries could compete in their desire and readiness for peace. He said that there is too much reliance on science as a solution and as a cure. THERE IS NO CURE for radiation sickness.

Mr. Nii left for Germany, from where he was scheduled to go to Poland, Russia, the Scandinavian countries, and the U S A. before returning to Japan. He was travelling with Satish Kumar, the Indian writer, who is touring Europe discussing Gandhian principles with groups in preparation for the Gandhi Centenary Year celebrations.* Masashi Nii said that a person like Satish Kumar who is aware of our human condition, is just as well qualified to publicise the atomic danger as a Japanese who has experienced the atomic bomb. It needs as many aware persons as possible to actively work for peace.

Helen Mayer

*See 'Total Revolution'
Interview by Helen Mayer
I T No 36

THE WHITE FLAG

The two great Generals and the two great Armies faced each other across one great battlefield. The two great Generals marched about their two great Armies as they faced each other across one great battlefield. One great General said to himself, "We can't hold out against this other great Army much longer" and the other great General said, "We can't hold out against this other Army much longer", so the first great General said to one of his great Sergeants, 'Hoist a white flag", and the second great General said to his great Sergeant, "Hoist a white flag".

Private Fred Lengths was commanded by one great General to haul up the flag. At the same time, Private Norrington Blitt had also been signalled by his General to hoist their white flag, and so the two great Armies stood surrendering to each other across the battlefield. It was very quiet, and the two white flags were the only movement seen.

Three days passed, and one great General said, "What's happened?", as did the other great General. Both great Generals were informed that each side had surrendered to the other. "Impossible", said the first General.

"It can't be true", said the second General.

"My arms are aching," said Private Blitt, as did Private Lengths.

"How long have they had their flag up?" said the first great General.

"Three days", at which time the second great General had asked the same question, and received the same answer.

"Tell them we surrendered—*first!*"

The message was shouted across the great battlefield.

"No, no", was the reply, "*We* surrendered first". Neither side wanted to lose the initiative. Stalemate.

The two great Generals met in a tent in the middle of a field. "According to my notes", said the first, "our flag went up at one minute to eleven on the 1st April".

"So did ours", was the reply.

"But", said the first General, "I gave the order to put the white flag up at a quarter to eleven " and was met with the same reply. Stalemate II.

The first General screwed his eyes up, screwed his knees up his nose teeth and ears. "Tell you what—my peace flag is whiter than yours".

"Nonsense!" was the furious reply. "Hold ours up to the light—not a stain in sight. We use new Blumite".

'Blumite!" guffawed the facing General. "My dear fellow, Rinso, the new white Rinso, is my answer to you. That's why I say my flag is whiter".

"The window test!" they said simultaneously.

In due course a window was brought, against which the two flags were held. Alas both were of the same degree of white intensity. Stalemate III.

Meantime, the makers of Blumite and Rinso had heard of the conflict.

"You aren't going to let that lot get away with it', said the Managing Director of Blumite to the first General, at which time, as you can guess, Sir Jim Rinso was inviting the second General.

"I will prove who surrendered first', he said, as the first great atomic blast exterminated them.

(Traditional

SPIKE MILLIGAN

The white flag is reproduced from "A DUSTBIN of MILLIGAN" by Spike Milligan, by permission of the publishers, Dennis Dobson, London.

THE WHITE TIGER

There are no palaces, nor kings,
They have been burnt.
All these noble stones and that pride
Have been blackened;
There only lingers a rumour
Of hidden princes, their lineage dying
In inescapable evil,
An embarressing memory for the doting senators,
A blush on the bored faces of girls
Planning beds, chairs and babies,
Like executives in boardrooms
Snug, warm and chained
In the beehives of their doing.
The new Dons teaching the logic
Of ideals
In sterile halls confounded by the reoccurring
incorrect answers:
The horrible logic of muscles and men
The kingship of wits, moving men like sess
This horrible logic of love!
That makes all women Queens
And the hate that makes a King.
Hidden in mystic by dreary poets
Philosophers and newspapers.
The human race is ashamed of its childhood!
It's a bad memory!
Like a little boy caught in the lavatory
Playing with the promise of his manhood.
All of us, all of us here, now, these people'
Next to you and those persons next to them
Are like monks and nuns,
Going mad with denial.
We have denied ourselves the right to use
The right words, sounds, smiles and grimaces.

KLEMENT PYE

THE SEEKER'S PARABLE

"I am seeking—I am you know. Really I am. I honestly want to know. Really I do. Tell me the secrets of life, the knowledge of the inner and outer universe, and meaning of the enigma of being. Of course I'll listen. I'm asking you aren't I? Good grief man, of course I'm really seeking! I wouldn't ask you if I didn't want to know would I?" (Demanding-pleading): "Tell me something for heaven's sake! I've a right to know. Why keep it all to yourself? That's the trouble with you gurus, you won't spread it around. Look, I know there are things I don't understand, I'll accept that, I'll listen. Just give me something to go on . . ."

The Master looked deep into the seeker's eyes and answered slowly, with a weight of a soul-expanding revelation drawn from the deeps of his divine perception, and capable of transporting the sensitive being into ecstatic union with the sheer bliss of cosmic understanding.

"Ah yes," said the Seeker quickly, "but don't you think . . .?"

A NATURAL SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

'Liberation' from the Sectarian Illusion

"I saw before me a great six-sided Crystal filled with life and radiating all the colours of the rainbow. I fell down in awe, for it seemed that I was in the presence of God. To the right of the Crystal, I saw a great ring of light, again of the most beautiful rainbow colours, which were rotating rapidly around a central Sun, but I knew that the ring was composed of many sentient beings in the closest harmony and that the Sun round which they revolved was also sentient, and I felt that at that time the ring did not concern me, the Crystal was overwhelmingly more important. But I felt that the BEING contained within the Crystal was infinitely greater than the Crystal itself and perhaps that was only a product of my own mind enabling me to see the GODHEAD. I knew too that if I opened my eyes I would see the room, my own body etc, but this was the last thing I wanted to do, I stood before the Source of all Truth and had only to ask to be given the answer, but I was too over-awed to do so. Eventually, summoning up all my courage, I succeeded in formulating the question which was uppermost in my mind "Is the Roman Catholic Church divinely inspired?" (for I was a reluctant but convinced R.C.). Immediately the vision vanished and I was flooded with Love, Joy, Life and Beauty and I knew that I was completely free. Then and there, in that instant, I ceased to be an R.C. and for about three months afterwards I was radiant with the joy of that experience and of my new-found freedom of spirit.

Meiwene the White Witch

Chassidim: "Why has the Messiah not yet come?" Rabbi: "Because we are today what we were yesterday."

WORLD
THRU
Honk
JUNIOR'S EYES

seed bag

Dear Gandalf,

Your magazine has the sincerity I have long been waiting for within its pages. If I could have taken time completely away, and read it in a few seconds, I would have been in untroubled ecstasy (a state which I hope to attain in future issues). I have a couple of queries.

(a) What exactly is the cosmic egg?

(b) In that thing by Elvin, the living Saint said what he said about sex and its purpose. Please give me an opinion on this—I have tried, and found it too hard, to work out myself. (That is, the point he made).

ROBERT CUMMINGS.

Surrey.

(a) The egg is the archetypal symbol for manifested life. Mythology has it that Life originated from a cosmic egg laid in the warm oceanic waters of the Earth. Harmonious universal forces which, interacting, keep the cosmos vibrating with energy, are called "cosmic". A crack in the cosmic egg of consciousness is the beginning of the awakening of the billion braincells as yet unused by Man, to an understanding of that earthly and celestial harmony. That's it, in an eggshell.

(b) Bhave's concept is valid in principle but erroneous in form. Sublimation should not be forced but the *need* for sex *transcended*. But that is only when one has discovered, to one's own dissatisfaction, that sex is just not enough to satisfy the soul. Bondage to the sex-organ can be overcome but the right reasons are required. Sex being a primary drive, it is closest to the earth, and thus of an earthbound vibration. Yet it is the most powerful, and if harnessed, this power can rise through the body, via meditation and yogic exercises, to illumine the mind and unite the sincere seeker with the God-force and an unimaginable ecstasy.

Dear Sir,

There appeared in the section "O To Be In England" in issue One of *Gandalf's Garden* a paragraph under the heading "Doing Their Jobs" which particularly interested me:

"Britain has allowed its conscientious objectors to say 'I will not fight'; but Britain has never allowed other men to say 'I am not a pacifist. I will fight German Nazism. But I will not fight (say) Cypriots seeking independence."

Such a distinction made on political and ethical grounds superficially is particular, but raises the general and fundamental question of whether one is entitled to support one's cause with force however intolerable a threat may be, such as that which manifests itself in Nazism, or however worthy a rebel's cause may seem. For in domestic, non-political affairs as well as in life-and-death issues kind, worthy, thinking people will maintain conflicting opinions and as long as they persist in trying to persuade others into accepting their own, or in "protecting" them from the "indoctrination" of the adversary they will always commit "violent trespass into one another's cocoons of gentleness." (Mis-quote from the Editorial, p. 4.)

It would therefore seem that the only way to prevent such violence would be to practice absolute pacifism and refuse to fight on any occasion; but there are always threats which infringe on an individual's idea of liberty and are therefore simply not acceptable to him, whether it be Communism, Fascism or Democracy. The experience of India in 1940 has demonstrated that it is unrealistic to "rely upon the decency of other nations" (quote from *Vinoba Bhave*, p. 20) to leave the unwarlike respectfully alone. Pacifism in modern circumstances unfortunately becomes a defeatist, instead of a gloriously effective, non-action. On the other hand, once the intellectual and the business-man, for their various moralistic or economic purposes, have licensed the weapons of war they must decide who is to use them, when, and against whom; however lofty the ends, the means of attaining them inevitably means misery for those who are incapable of understanding the niceties of such quarrels —the very young, the very old, the uneducated and the uninformed— for the protection of whom, supposedly, the wars drag on.

It is difficult, then, to decide who is more or less honourable—the conscientious objector who makes no apparent attempt to prevent the death of the helpless and bewildered but yet does not harm them, or the "angry young man" who fights against the Nazi or alongside the Cypriot; presumably if the writer of the article quoted sympathised with the Cypriot's cause he would be willing to fight for them since, being unable to abstain completely on pacifist principles, he must be prepared to take a stand on every conflict in which he is asked to participate: this obviously applies to anyone willing to use force if their conscience, not their superior officer, dictates it, just as it applies to everyday matters or to world-scale wars.

With this in mind, if one is to be involved actively as a fruitful individual in creating the world as one would wish it to be—as you urged in the Editorial—one is bound to meet the Opposition. If pacifism is Submission, and war is not Love, how does a Gandalfian propose to reconcile his admirable all-embracing gentleness with the human necessity of suppressing an infringement on his own idea of the Right Order of Things?

I admire your enthusiasm, but I feel that before Holy Madman becomes a feasible proposition you must solve this mundane, un-beautiful problem of communication between people of different beliefs. Love *alone* is not a panacea; it is not enough to abuse people for not living on an exalted plane of loving fellowship if you cannot offer a ground-work of theories which amount to, absurdly bureaucratical though it sounds, a "party policy"—otherwise you could, not unjustly, be accused of Escapism.

I would be relieved not to find myself unkindly suspicious.

Yours truly,

SARAH JENKINSON.

88 Radcliffe Road, Bolton, Lancs.

Superior strategy is always best, such as used by the Russian General who evacuated the whole of Moscow on the approach of Napoleon's army. When the Conqueror arrived, he found no one to conquer, no one to serve him, no facilities and no food. Thus he was beaten and had to retreat after burning the city. Yet not one Russian life was taken. If you cannot think of superior strategy—hit them with a flower.

Dear Sir,

As a life-long student of the Swedenborg Writings I must commend you on your true presentation of this subject. And your cover aptly suggests that teaching in Swedenborg's *Arcana Coelestia* that each state we come into is but an egg to new states that lie ahead.

And Swedenborg says that *something new on earth* is portrayed in heaven as a GARDEN (paragraph 294 of Conjugal Love). To your new publication venture, may I contribute one more Swedenborgian flower? It is a promise. The promise is that we will come to know on earth a true love of one man for one woman. This promised love is described in heaven by "the most beautiful things" (*Heaven and Hell*, paragraph 382). On the path to the discovery of this love in fullness, we are told to renounce hatreds, to renounce the love of dominating others and to renounce those passing lusts which are not inwardly beautiful. This promise for the future is one of the nicest flowers on the horizon.

D. L. ROSE, B.Sc., B.Th.

Tooting, London.

Dear Muz,

thanks for the first GANDALF'S GARDEN—an amazingly beautiful thing—would that every garden was like this. I shouldn't worry about your success—it seems to be guaranteed. Sad world if you fold.

anyhow, much love and may the world shine brightly for you.

PETER FINCH,
2nd Aeon Magazine.

Dear John Peel,

I run a magazine, at least I'm trying to start a magazine at a public school. This public school really brings me down, and before I leave or get kicked out or something I want to hit them with what I think a literary magazine should be like. Of course the total drag is that I've got to watch out for strict censorship.

But when I read *Gandalf's Garden* I realised that there were ways of gently blowing their minds. Your "musical gardener" article really freaked me out. I got so high on reading it, unlike the *Perfumed Garden* scene. I mean, I dig reading about music, but if you can write like in *Gandalf's . . .*

Love,

PAUL BANDEY.

Allenby, Hallyburys & I.S.C., Hertford, Herts.

If it is strong then it will grow and all who know and grow shall be, at journey's end, together.

"Fair Weather"

DONOVAN.

P.S. and greetings to "The Lemon" Peel.

ANY RECORD FROM ROCK TO RAGAS
from
HAMPSTEAD RECORD CENTRE
Phone: 01-435 6669
72, Heath St, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, N.W.3
If you live in Britain we will send any L.P. to you post free

BREAKING GROUND

MANY HAVE ASKED WHY WE INCLUDE THESE LISTS OF GROUPS AND CULTS. HOW ELSE IS A SEEKER TO KNOW OF THEIR EXISTENCE? GENERALLY EACH SOCIETY, ADEPT AND FASCINATING IN ITS OWN FIELD, IS RARELY HEARD OF OUTSIDE ITS OWN GROUP, AND IS NEVER PUBLICISED BUT IN ITS OWN JOURNALS. BREAKING GROUND IS AN OPEN INVITATION TO ALL GROUPS WHO ARE OPEN ENOUGH TO TRANSCEND THE GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS IN A GENUINE DESIRE FOR ADVANCEMENT OF MAN AND WORLD UNITY OF PEOPLES, THROUGH THEIR STUDIES OF MAN AND PHENOMENON, AND THE SPECIALISED KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE TO IMPART TOWARDS UNIVERSAL AND SELF UNDERSTANDING. THIS IS A FREE SERVICE.

THURSDAY 12th SEPTEMBER

CENTRE HOUSE. Open House. Every Thursday. Experimental Group: Metaphysics. E.S.P. Vibrations. Outer & Inner Worlds. 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY 14th SEPTEMBER

FRIENDS OF MEHER BABA. Tea & Meeting. 3 p.m. CENTRE HOUSE.

SUNDAY 15-20th SEPTEMBER

VEGETARIAN CATERING ASSOCIATION. London Course (non-residential) on Vegetarian Cookery. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Apply: Mrs. Cluer, 12, Elm Walk, Raynes Park, London. S.W.10.

MONDAY 16th SEPTEMBER

CENTRE HOUSE. Enrolment for Course in HOMEOPATHY (Natural, herb and vibrationary healing) by Dr. T. Maughan. (Druid). 7.30 p.m. Twice monthly.

THURSDAY, 19th SEPTEMBER

SELF-REALISATION FELLOWSHIP. (Yogananda). Every Thursday. Meeting. Meditation. 7.15 p.m.

SUNDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER. Full day Seminar. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. CENTRE HOUSE. Please book before 16th September.

THURSDAY 26th SEPTEMBER

COMMITTEE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BUDDHISM. Lecture. 7 p.m. Kingsway Hall. London.

SAT-SUN 28-29th SEPTEMBER

THE FOURTH WORLD. CONFERENCE. Peace Research, Peace Journalism and Action. Edge Hill Farm, Edge, Stroud, Glouc. Convenor: Helen Mayer, c/o Peace News, 5, Caledonian Road, London. N.1.

SUNDAY 6th OCTOBER

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER. Autumn Reception. 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. CENTRE HOUSE.

THURSDAY 17th OCTOBER

COMMITTEE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BUDDHISM. Lecture. 7 p.m. Kingsway Hall. London.

FRIDAY 18th OCTOBER

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER. An Introduction to Tibetan Buddhism. Every Friday. 5s per lecture. CENTRE HOUSE. Until 6th Dec.

SATURDAY 19-26th OCTOBER

VEGETARIAN CATERING ASSOCIATION. Residential Course on Vegetarian Cookery. Apply: Mearsdon Manor Vegetarian Guest House, 32, Cross Street, Moretonhampstead, Devon.

SUNDAY 20th OCTOBER

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. Tekels Park Vegetarian Guest House, Camberley, Surrey. Open day for members and friends.

SATURDAY 26th OCTOBER

VEGETARIAN CATERING ASSOCIATION. Practical Course until 2nd November. Apply: Mrs. James, Ruthay Bank, Grasmere, Westmorland.

SATURDAY 9th NOVEMBER

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY. Two talks on THE CORONIS and INVITATION TO THE NEW CHURCH. Tea at 4 .m. Talks at 5 p.m. SWEDENBORG HALL.

COMMITTEE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BUDDHISM. Every SATURDAY: Teachings of the Buddha. 5.30 p.m.

Every SUNDAY: Talks by Buddhist Monks for Beginners. Discussion Group. 4 p.m. Public Meditation Class and Sermon by Ven. Chao Khun Sobhana Dhammasudhi.

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER hold half-hour Meditation Classes every Tuesday at 6 p.m. at SAKURA, 14, Monmouth St, London. W.C.2.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. Public lectures on Wednesdays and Sundays will resume in October.

ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. Public lectures on Tuesdays will resume in October.

ADDRESSES

ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, RUDOLF STEINER HOUSE, 35, Park Road, London. N.W.1. (PAD 4400)

CENTRE HOUSE, 10a Airlie Gardens, Kensington, London. W.8. (PAR 3865)

COMMITTEE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BUDDHISM. BUDDHA-PADIPA TEMPLE, 99, Christchurch Road, East Sheen, London. S.W.14.

DRUID ORDER, Dr. T. Maughan, 77, Calton Avenue, London. S.E.21. (TOW 4748)

FRIENDS OF MEHER BABA, Maud Kennedy, Purcell Cottage, Heyford, Oxford.

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER, Sakura, 14, Monmouth St, London. W.1.

INSTITUTE OF PYRAMIDOLOGY, 31, Station Road, Harpenden, Hertfordshire.

POSITIVE POWER OF PRAYER SOCIETY, Efikon House, 36, Egerton Drive, West Greenwich, London. S.E.10. (692 4145)

SELF-REALISATION FELLOWSHIP, Mrs. G. White (Sec.), 33, Warrington Crescent, London. N.W.8.

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 20, Bloomsbury Way, London. W.C.1. (01-405 7986)

LONDON VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 53, Marloes Road, London. W.8. (01-937 7739)

SEEDSOWING

SEEDSOWING SMALL ADS.

9d. per word. Reasonable rates for Display Ads. sent on request. Write: c/o GANDALF'S GARDEN, 1, Dartrey Terrace, WORLD'S END, Chelsea, London. S.W.10 or phone FLA 6156 / PAR 3865.

INTERESTED COMMUNITIES?

John & Tricia Pogson, Architect, Artist, Spiritual-Creative interests. Vegetarians. Initially building Lakeland house for bread. Require assistance. Write further information, giving reasons and interests: c/o Ambleside G.P.O. Westmorland.

POTTER'S CHANCE!

Large Baker's Oven going free to anyone who can move it at:
CAMELOT POTTERY, Boscaswell, Cornwall.

SUE and LILLY. Love and thanks: *Aestatem Semper Estis.*

PAT BEE DEE-JAY. at KLOOKS KLEEK, West Hampstead. Pushes Blues Records.

STUDY CHINESE!

Read the Zen and Taoist texts in the original. Classes in Chinese Language using new easy method will commence in October. Private tuition can also be arranged. For particulars and write to: Chinese Language, c/o Gandalf's Garden, 1, Dartrey Terrace, S.W.10, or phone 01-267 1903.

THE GEORGIAN HEALING CENTRE (Mrs. Trudy Tarlton), 15, Bow Road, London. E.3. Phone: 01-980 6466.

GANDALF'S GARDEN needs helpers who can do specific jobs for love/with love. Scene Around Editor and collector. Typists. Writers. Spacesellers (on commission). Advert designer. Layout artists. Helpers in the shop. Also we need office equipment: Files. Stationery. Cash register. Large teapots. Kettles. Spoons. Hardboard sheets. Paint. and any other thing you think might help out. Phones: PAR 3865 / FLA 6156.

it

THE TRANSCENDENTAL NEWSPAPER EVERY FORTNIGHT, 1/6. FROM ENLIGHTENED NEWSAGENTS AND ECSTATIC STREETSELLERS

OR BY SUBSCRIPTION (£2. 12s. U.K.) FROM: 22 BETTERTON ST., LONDON WC2.

PLEASE HELP THE GARDEN GROW

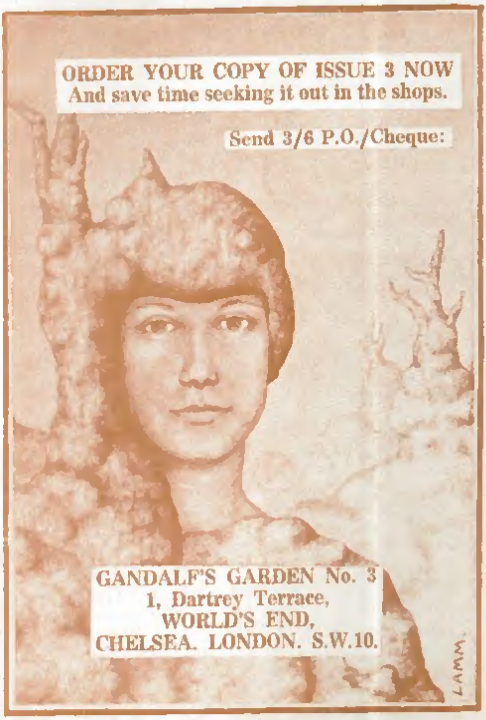
Fine line 3-colour (purple, cerise and orange) poster by Paul Kitchin.

11½" x 1' 11"

SEND 4/– P.O. (Post paid)

ORDER YOUR COPY OF ISSUE 3 NOW
And save time seeking it out in the shops.

Send 3/6 P.O./Cheque:



GANDALF'S GARDEN No. 3
1, Dartrey Terrace,
WORLD'S END,
CHELSEA. LONDON. S.W.10.